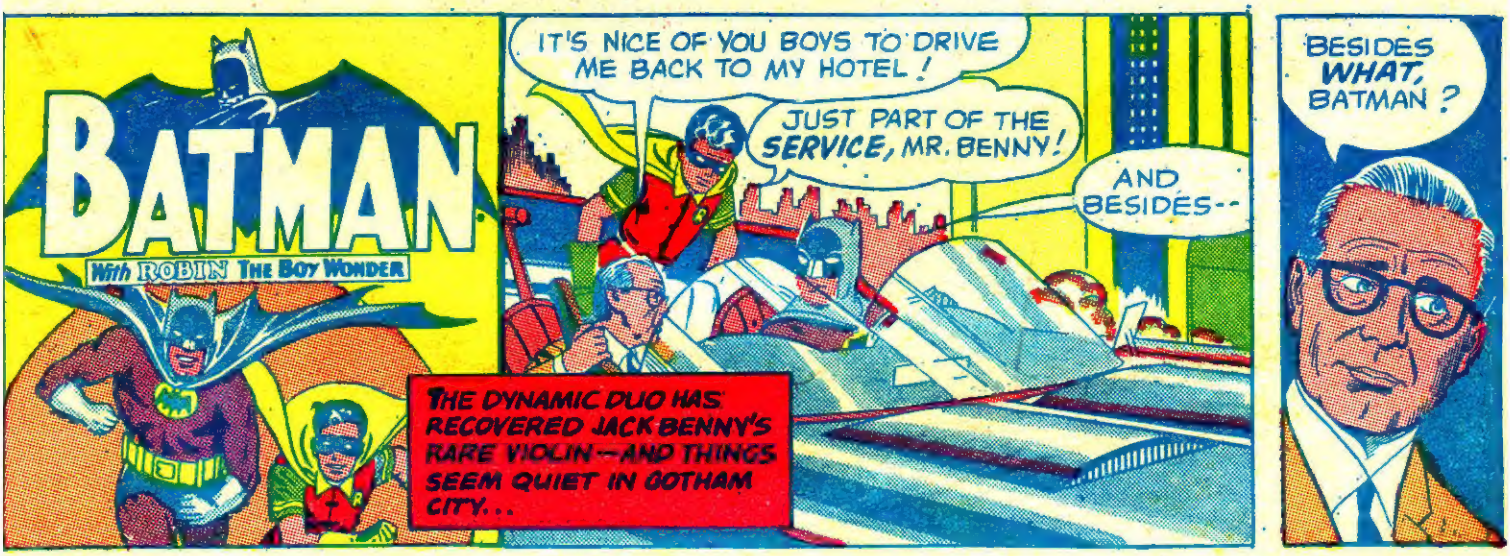
A POWER COMIC

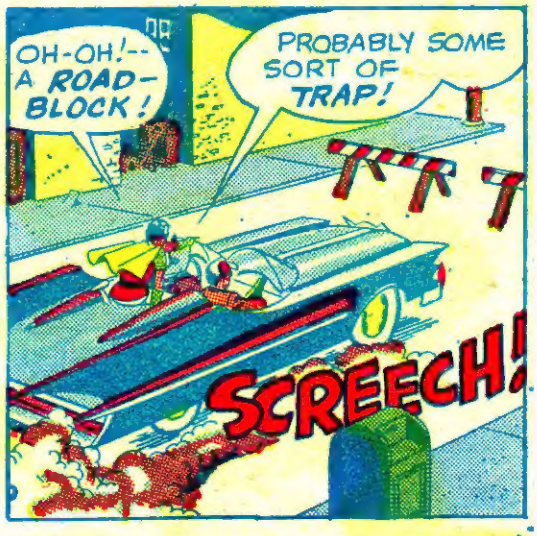
THE COMIC WITH HULK — PLUS DAREDEVIL — PLUS!

SMASH!

No. 81
19th AUG. 1967
EVERY MONDAY
7d

AUSTRALIA 10c. EAST AFRICA 1.00 WEST AFRICA 10c. SOUTH AFRICA 8c. RHODESIA 1/- NEW ZEALAND 1/- (10c.)

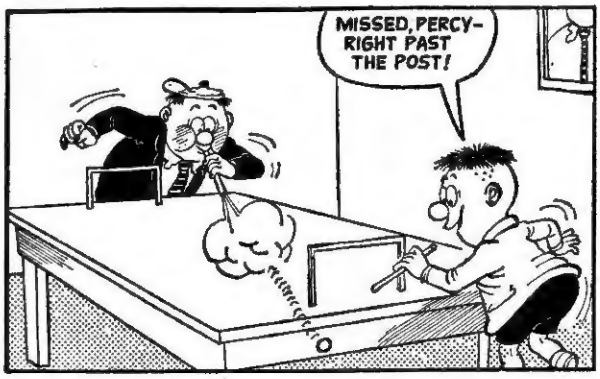


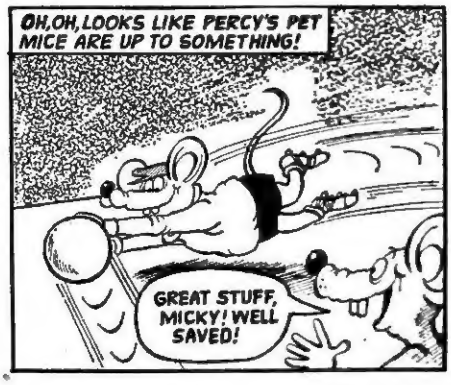


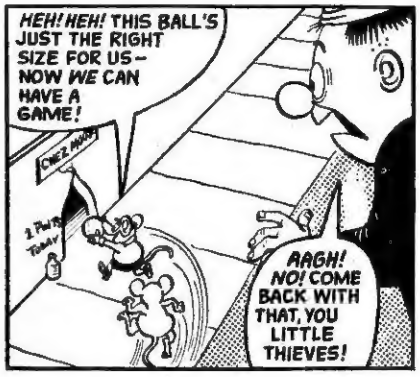
Distributed by The Ledger Syndicate, Inc. © 1967 National Periodical Publications, Inc.

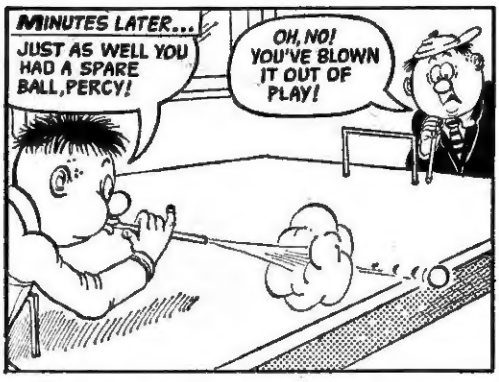
SMASH! printed in Great Britain by Southernprint Limited, Branksome, Poole, Dorset, and published by Odhams Press Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Sole agents for Australia and New Zealand, Gordon & Gotch (A/sia) Ltd.; South Africa, Central News Agency Ltd. Subscription Rates: Inland, 12 months 43/4; abroad (including Canada), 12 months 39/-; Dollar Rate for U.S.A. $6; Canada $6.50. Please send your order to Subscription Dept., 8-9 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
CONDITIONS OF SALE: this periodical shall not, without the written consent of the Publishers, be lent, resold or hired out at more than the recommended selling price as shown on the cover, or otherwise disposed of in any unauthorised cover by way of trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

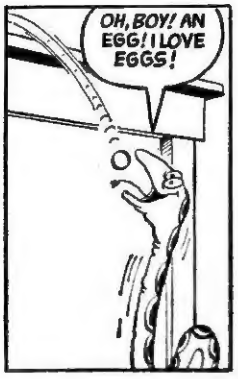
Percy's Pets


MISSED, PERCY– RIGHT PAST THE POST!


OH, OH, LOOKS LIKE PERCY'S PET MICE ARE UP TO SOMETHING!
GREAT STUFF, MICKY! WELL SAVED!


HEH! HEH! THIS BALL'S JUST THE RIGHT SIZE FOR US– NOW WE CAN HAVE A GAME!
AAGH! NO! COME BACK WITH THAT, YOU LITTLE THIEVES!


MINUTES LATER...
JUST AS WELL YOU HAD A SPARE BALL, PERCY!
OH, NO! YOU'VE BLOWN IT OUT OF PLAY!


OH, BOY! AN EGG! I LOVE EGGS!

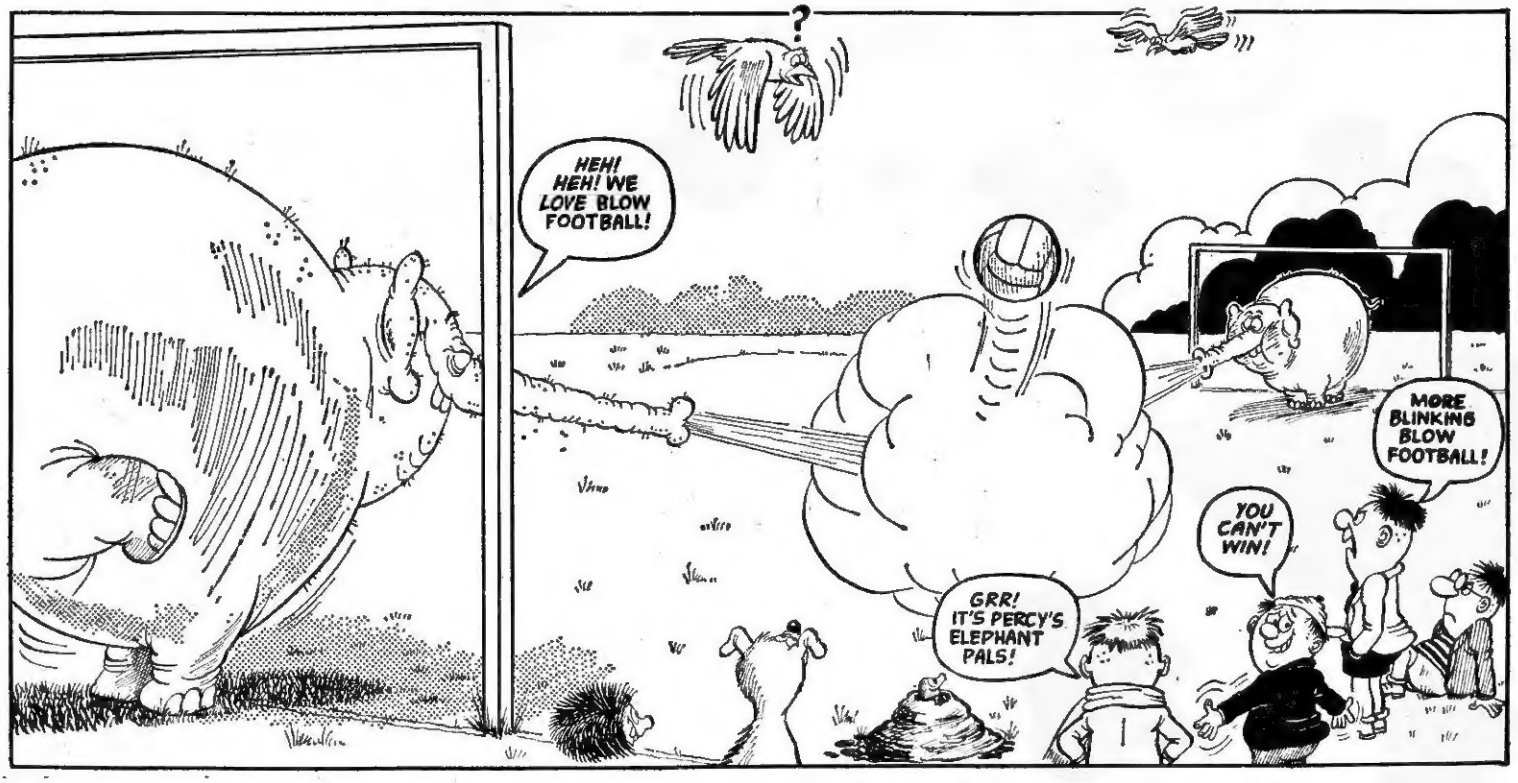
GULP! IT DOESN'T TASTE LIKE AN EGG!
GULP!

AAGH! YOU SHORT SIGHTED TWIT– THAT WAS A FOOTBALL!
I REALLY MUST GET SPECS! GULP!

BAH! WE MAY AS WELL GET THE LADS AND HAVE A REAL GAME OF FOOTBALL, HARRY!
I SUPPOSE SO, PERCY!

AND SO...
I'M RIGHT ON THE BALL, TODAY– PERCEIVE THE FANCY FOOT-WORK!

WHOOOSH!

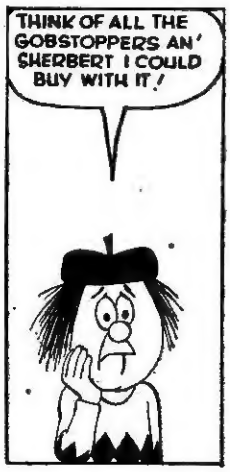

HEH! HEH! WE LOVE BLOW FOOTBALL!
GRR! IT'S PERCY'S ELEPHANT PALS!
YOU CAN'T WIN!
MORE BLINKING BLOW FOOTBALL!

AMMO

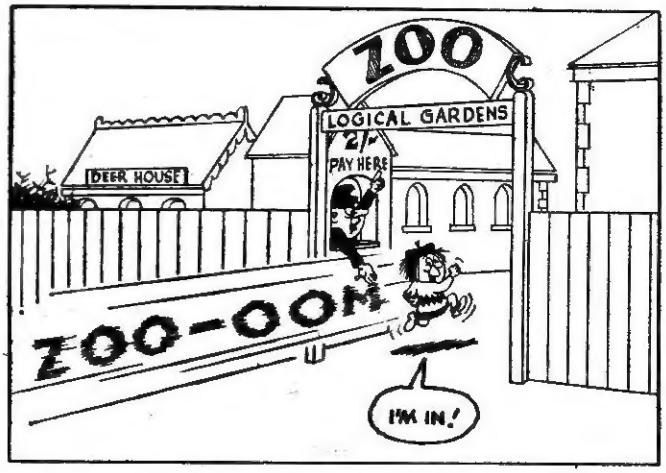
BAD PENNY

ONE PENNY
1967

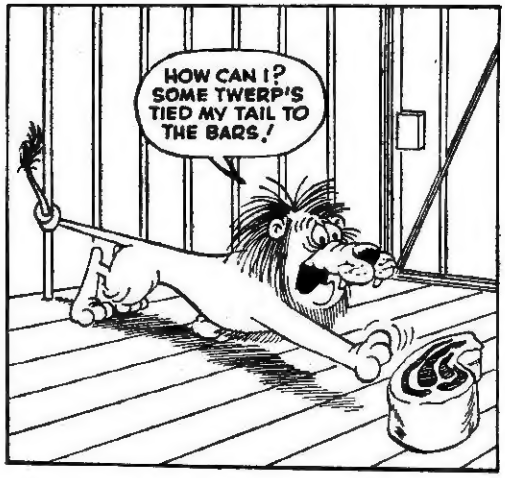
I'VE GOT TO GET MY MUM A POUND OF STEAK WITH THIS LOLLY — WHAT A WASTE!


THINK OF ALL THE GOBSTOPPERS AN' SHERBERT I COULD BUY WITH IT!

AND THERE'S LOTS OF FRESH MEAT AT THE ZOO!


ZOO
LOGICAL GARDENS
2/-
PAY HERE
DEER HOUSE
ZOO-OOM
I'M IN!

DIN-DINS, LEO! GET CHOMPING!
PRIME BEEF
DROOL!
SLOBBER!

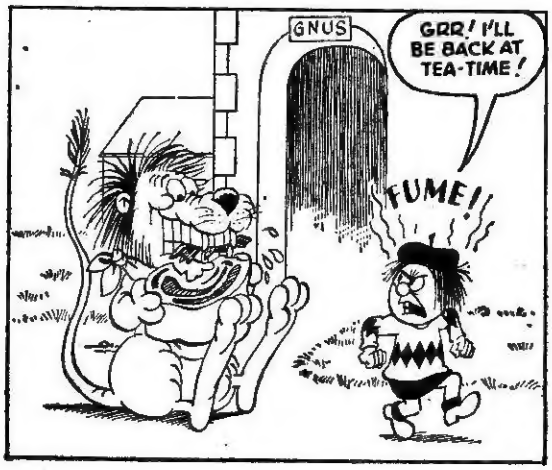

HOW CAN I? SOME TWERP'S TIED MY TAIL TO THE BARS!

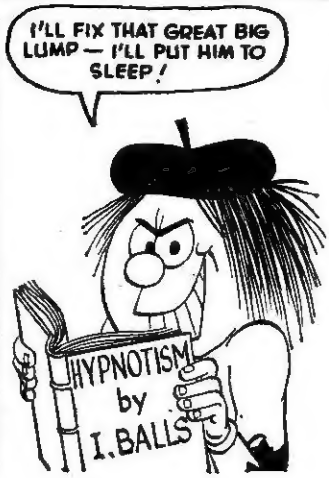
HEH! HEH! GUESS WHO? —I'LL HAVE THIS!
AAGH!

GURRR! I DON'T LIKE MY MEAT GOING OFF!

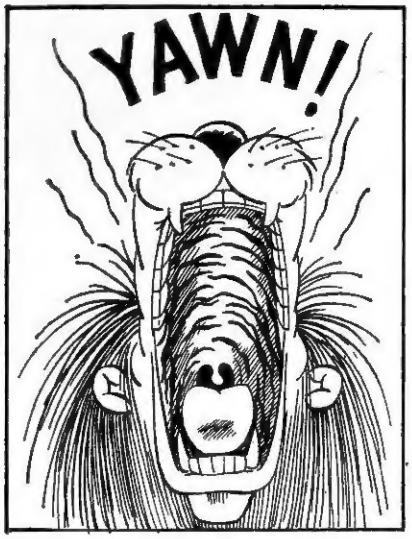
YIKES! LEO'S GOT AWAY!
GNUS
GURR! BUT YOU WON'T, MISS!

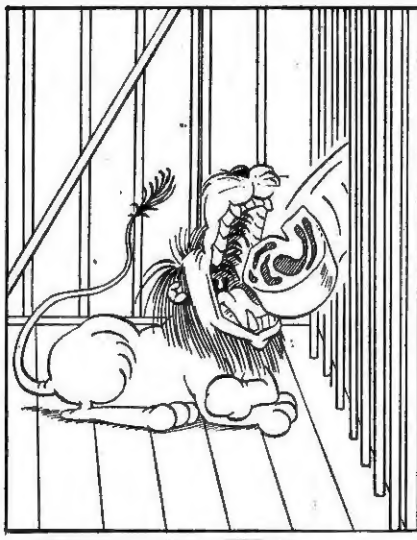
NO HOLDS—ER—BARRED! HEH-HEH!
BLAT!


GNUS
GRR! I'LL BE BACK AT TEA-TIME!
FUME!


I'LL FIX THAT GREAT BIG LUMP — I'LL PUT HIM TO SLEEP!
HYPNOTISM by I. BALLS

SLEEP—SLEEP —YOU ARE GOING TO SLEEP!
ER-?


YAWN!

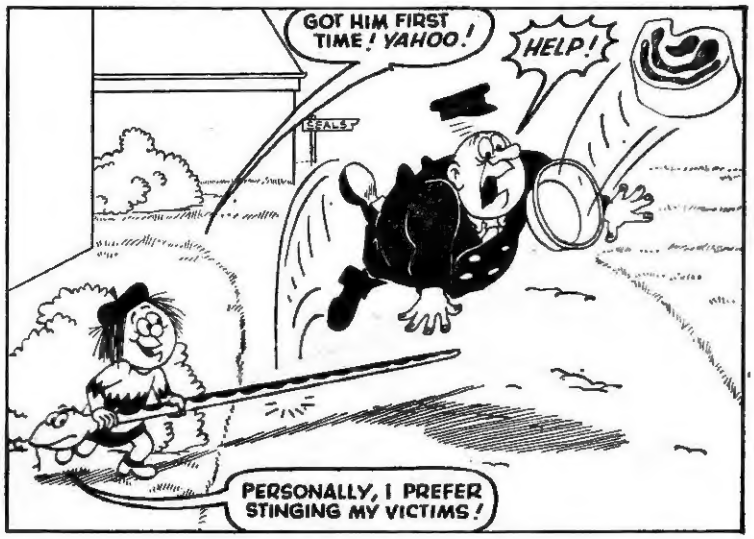


THAT'S A GOOD BOY, LEO —OPEN WIDE— IT'S TEA-TIME!
SNARL!

WHAT A TWIT I AM! THE EASY WAY IS TO TAKE IT FROM THE KEEPER!

HEH! HEH! HERE HE COMES!

I STARCHED THIS SNAKE —IT'LL MAKE A SMASHING TRIP POLE!
I'M JUST A BIG STIFF!


GOT HIM FIRST TIME! YAHOO!
HELP!
PERSONALLY, I PREFER STINGING MY VICTIMS!

COME TO PENNY, THEN SHE CAN BUY LOTS OF SWEETS!

WHISK!
??—?

THANKS, PENNY— SECOND HELPINGS! —SLURP!
OH, NO!

RIGHT, MY GIRL! YOU CAN PAY FOR THE OTHER LION'S TEA THAT LEO'S SCOFFED!
FOR LEO

ER— WOULD A COUPLE OF DEAD MICE DO FOR TOMORROW'S DIN, MUM?— GULP!

AAGH! COME HERE!
NOW I KNOW WHAT THEY MEAN ABOUT 'THE LION'S SHARE'! —GULP!

news from the floor of 64

64, LONG ACRE LONDON W.C.2.

DON'T GET US WRONG! We LIKE to get letters from our favourite folks (and we mean YOU) pointing out errors that sometimes mark our normally peerless pages. Trouble is that every time it does happen hundreds of you fans write in to tell us so—and we can't answer them ALL, now can we? So, even though we'll continue to give specific answers on our letters pages, we'd like to say this for the benefit of all of you who haven't yet had a direct reply!

Yes, we do sometimes slip up! Maybe, occasionally a word is spelt just a little bitsy wrong! Perhaps, now and then, a piece of art doesn't quite match with the lettering! Well, try as we may, these things happen! No excuse! But as some very wise man once said "to err is human!" And human is what we like to think we are! We WANT to give our lively literature "the human touch"!

So!! . . . well, you can't make omelettes without breaking an egg some time, right?

This is as good a time as any to answer you fans who have asked us if there really IS any connection between the good ol' Power Pack and those two colourful, classy comics EAGLE and ROBIN. Yes, there's a very CLOSE connection! We even work in the same building! If the garret windows would only open and we could look UPWARDS to the editorial penthouse suite, we would even be able to see the EAGLE and ROBIN teams at work! They're nice people, too! Not at all stuck up! Even though EAGLE is one of the great all-time names in British comic publishing! Even though ROBIN has long been the top title in the field of nursery-age literature!

And since we're on the subject, if any of you merry ones have a younger brother or sister (around three to six years old) and if you want to feel good, doing good—then make them a present of a copy of ROBIN each week. We betcha you'll get a thrill from the pleasure you—and ROBIN—have handed out!

MEET TWENTY PROUD POWER-PACK PEOPLE . . .

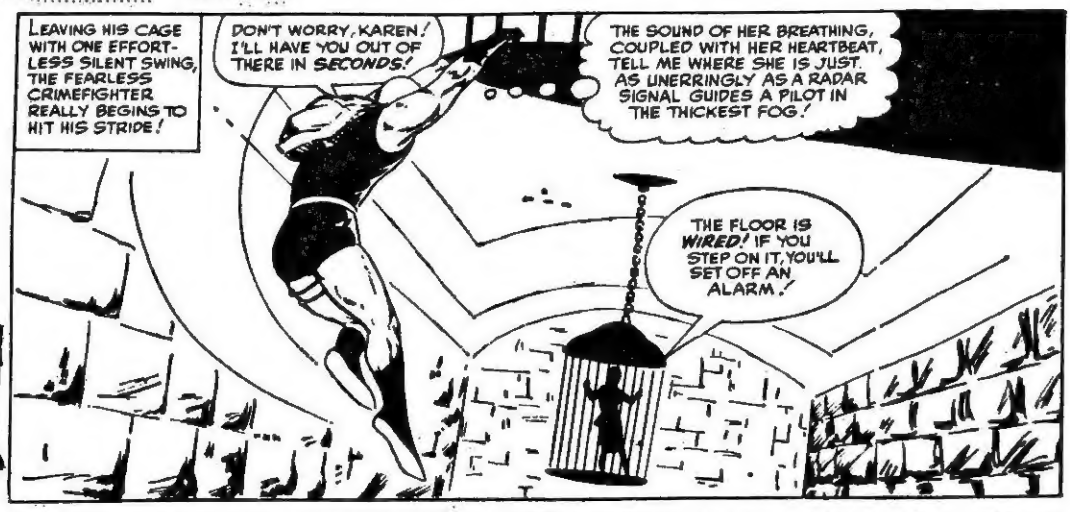
Hugh Robertson, Fife, Scotland; David Hamilton, Huncoat, Accrington, Lancs.; G. Shaw, Sheffield; Geoff Neilson, Seedley, Salford 6; Donald Shephard, Woking, Surrey; William Ruby, Lanarks.; Anthony Worsdall, Hayes, Middx.; Ronnie Murphy, Middleton, Manchester; David Leister, Leeds, Yorks.; J. Cousins, Belfast, N. Ireland; Peter Clarke, Edgware, Middx.; David Woodman, Hemel Hempstead, Herts.; Alan Emmerson, London, N.16; Graham Cumming, Linlithgow, W. Lothian, Scotland; Tony Griggs, Dagenham, Essex; Billy Sheppard, Manchester; Brian Boggolt, Houghton-le-Spring, Co. Durham; Tony Merrygold, S. Ruislip, Middx.; S. Mannion, Pickmere, Cheshire; D. Sydenham, Rhondda, Glam.

DAREDEVIL

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR

IN THE OWL'S EERIE AVIARY, TWO CAGES SWING — ONE IMPRISONS THE BEAUTIFUL KAREN — THE OTHER CAGE SWINGS EMPTY — FOR DAREDEVIL HAS ESCAPED!

TRAPPED IN THE CAGE OF THE OWL!



Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group. 1964

YOU CAN'T ESCAPE ME! ONCE I PULL THIS LEVER, THE GARAGE DOOR WILL BE SEALED SHUT, AND YOU'LL BE MY PRISONERS AGAIN!
IGNORE HIM, KAREN! START DRIVING!

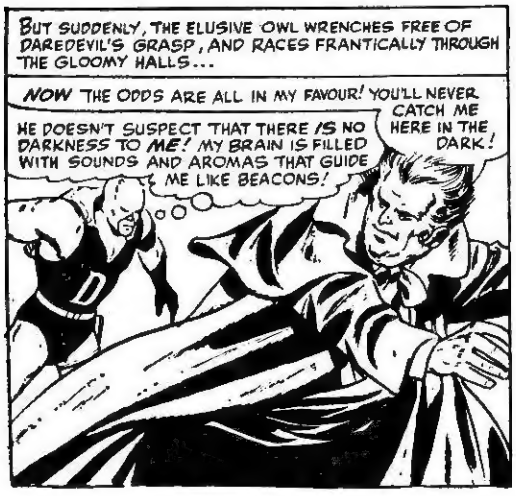
MOVING FASTER, MORE UNERRINGLY, THAN ANY NORMAL, SIGHTED MAN COULD, THE DAZZLING DAREDEVIL JAMS HIS UBIQUITOUS BILLY CLUB INTO THE DELICATE SPRING MECHANISM, DELAYING ITS ACTION JUST LONG ENOUGH FOR KAREN'S ESCAPE...!
I CAN HEAR THE BALL BEARINGS MESHING! ALL I NEED DO IS THRUST MY CANE TOWARDS THE SOUND OF THE MASTER BEARING... LIKE THIS!
AND NOW, OWL..IT'S JUST YOU AGAINST ME! ...AND THAT'S THE WAY I LIKE IT!!

YOU'RE A FAR MORE DANGEROUS FOE THAN I SUSPECTED, DAREDEVIL... BUT I'M STILL YOUR MASTER! I'M HEAVIER... MORE POWERFUL... MORE CUNNING! AND REMEMBER... WE'RE FIGHTING ON MY HOME GROUNDS!

I'VE PLANNED TOO LONG, TOO CAREFULLY... I'VE TOO MUCH AT STAKE, TO LET YOU STOP ME NOW!
I'VE GOT A LITTLE SOMETHING AT STAKE, TOO... MY LIFE!!

ALTHOUGH FIGHTING A HEAVIER, POWERFUL, MORE DESPERATE OPPONENT, THE YEARS OF TRAINING AND BODY BUILDING WHICH MATT MURDOCK SPENT AS A YOUTH PAY OFF FOR HIM NOW!
ALL I NEED DO IS SHIFT MY WEIGHT QUICKLY, GRAB HIS FREE RIGHT ARM, AND BEND FORWARD SUDDENLY FROM THE WAIST!

WHATEVER I DO, MUST BE DONE QUICKLY! THERE'S NO TELLING HOW SOON THE OWL'S TWO HENCHMEN WILL RETURN WITH THE GANG LEADERS THEY WERE SENT TO BRING BACK!


BUT SUDDENLY, THE ELUSIVE OWL WRENCHES FREE OF DAREDEVIL'S GRASP, AND RACES FRANTICALLY THROUGH THE GLOOMY HALLS...
NOW THE ODDS ARE ALL IN MY FAVOUR! YOU'LL NEVER CATCH ME HERE IN THE DARK!
HE DOESN'T SUSPECT THAT THERE IS NO DARKNESS TO ME! MY BRAIN IS FILLED WITH SOUNDS AND AROMAS THAT GUIDE ME LIKE BEACONS!

IT'S ALMOST OVER NOW! I CAN HEAR HIS HEART POUNDING FROM HIS EXERTION! HE CAN'T RUN MUCH FURTHER! HIS WEIGHT HAS TIRED HIM OUT... HE'S ALMOST EXHAUSTED!

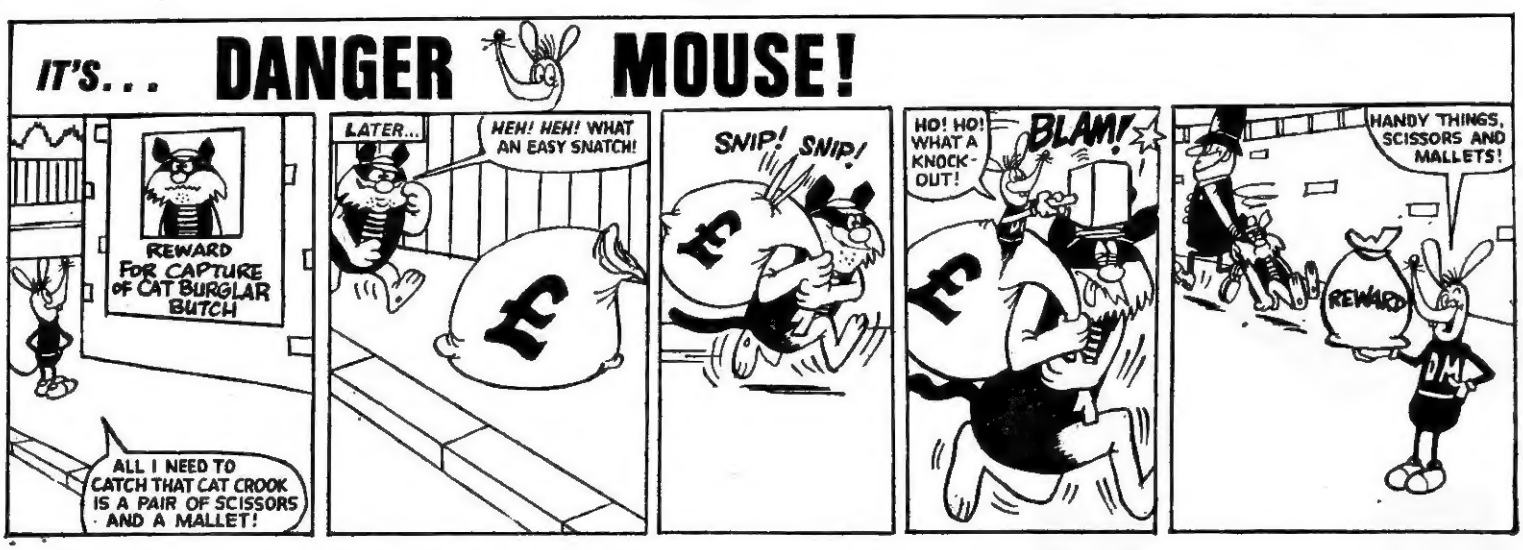
BUT, REACHING THE TOP OF THE STAIRS, THE OWL'S HAND SUDDENLY DARTS OUT, TOUCHING A CONCEALED LEVER...
HAH! YOU DIDN'T EXPECT THOSE STEPS TO FLATTEN INTO ICY SMOOTHNESS BENEATH YOUR FEET, DID YOU?!! HAPPY LANDINGS, YOU FOOL!
CAN'T KEEP MY FOOTING! I'M PLUNGING BACK! THERE'S A SLIGHT DRAUGHT BENEATH ME... A TRAP-DOOR HAS BEEN OPENED...!!

AND THEN...
SPLASH!
WATER!! HE'S CAUSED ME TO DROP RIGHT DOWN INTO THE RIVER! I'VE GOT TO SURFACE QUICKLY... THE WATER DEADENS MY HEARING SENSE!

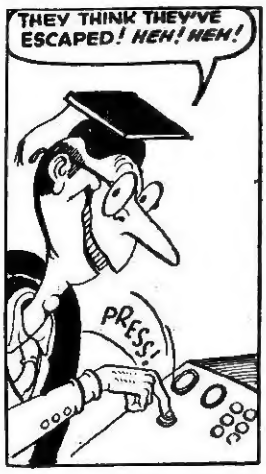
I'VE ELUDED HIM FOR NOW, BUT I CAN TAKE NO FURTHER CHANCES! HE'S FAR STRONGER THAN I THOUGHT!
I'VE GOT TO BUILD A NEW AVIARY... WITH NEW DEFENCES! I'VE A FORTUNE HIDDEN AWAY... I CAN STILL ACCOMPLISH ANYTHING!

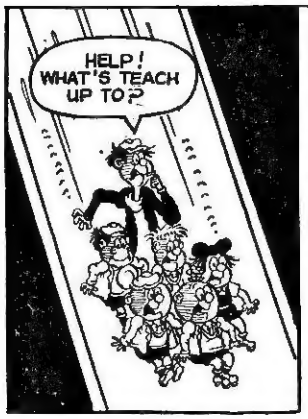
AND THEN, THE HULKING OWLISH FIGURE HEARS THE DISTANT WAIL OF SCREAMING SIRENS... COMING EVER CLOSER...
THE POLICE!! THEY'RE SURROUNDING MY AVIARY!! BUT THEY'LL NEVER FIND ME!!
SO LONG AS I REMAIN THE OWL, I ALWAYS HAVE ONE LAST MEANS OF ESCAPE LEFT TO ME!

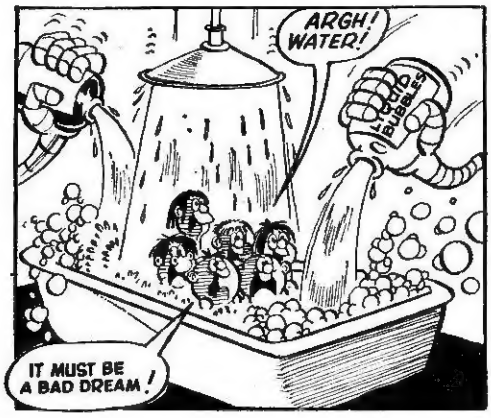
I'VE PLANNED PERFECTLY... THOUGHT OF EVERYTHING!
MY FULLY-FUELLED POWER LAUNCH IS DOCKED BELOW, READY FOR JUST SUCH AN EMERGENCY!
HAD ANY EYES BEEN ABLE TO PIERCE THE GLOOM OF NIGHT, THEY WOULD HAVE SEEN THE AWESOME SIGHT OF A GROSS HUMAN FIGURE GLIDING THROUGH THE AIR LIKE A NOCTURNAL BEAST OF PREY... LIKE A MARAUDING OWL!!
HOW EASY IT IS... FOR ME!
BUT, A SCANT TWO SECONDS LATER, THE DRAMATIC HEAD OF DAREDEVIL BREAKS THE SURFACE ...HEARING THE SPEEDBOAT'S MOTOR AND ESTIMATING ITS SPEED AND DIRECTION IN THE SPACE OF A SINGLE HEARTBEAT...
IT'S THE OWL...TRYING TO ESCAPE!
MOVING WITH THE SPEED OF THOUGHT, THE SIGHTLESS MAN DUCKS BENEATH THE SURFACE, AND... AS THE SPEEDING CRAFT PASSES OVER HIM...
I'LL USE MY CANE TO JAM HIS PROPELLER!!
...NOW!!
THE MOTOR SPUTTERS... DIES... AND THEN THERE IS SILENCE!
I CAN DETECT NO HEARTBEAT... NO SOUND OF BREATHING! BUT THE OWL MIGHT BE SWIMMING UNDER THE SURFACE! WATER ACTS AS A MUFFLER TO MY SENSES... I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO FIND HIM NOW!
FRUSTRATED AT NOT KNOWING WHETHER HIS FOE IS ALIVE OR DEAD, THE WEARY ADVENTURER STEALTHILY CLIMBS ONTO THE NEARBY DOCK, REASSURED BY THE KNOWLEDGE THAT THE OWL'S PLAN HAS BEEN COMPLETELY SHATTERED!
I'D BETTER CHANGE BACK TO MATT MURDOCK WHILE I CAN! I'LL TELL KAREN THAT I CAME HERE BECAUSE THE OWL SENT FOR ME, TO DISCUSS SOME LEGAL MATTERS!
AND SO, A FEW MINUTES LATER...
OH, MATT... YOU'RE LUCKY THAT YOU DIDN'T GET HERE EARLIER! YOU'VE NO IDEA WHAT A DANGEROUS CREATURE THE OWL IS!!
BETTER TAKE HIM BACK TO THE CITY, MA'AM! IF THOSE RACKET BOSSES ARE ON THEIR WAY HERE, THIS'LL BE NO PLACE FOR A BLIND MAN!!
THANK YOU, OFFICER! I SUPPOSE IT IS NEEDLESSLY DANGEROUS FOR ME TO REMAIN HERE!
BUT I WON'T MISS THE EXCITEMENT ANYWAY! I CAN HEAR THE MOBSTERS' CARS APPROACHING THE AVIARY NOW!
IN FACT, THEY SOUND AS THOUGH THEY'RE JUST RIDING THROUGH THE GATE, PAST THE PLAINCLOTHESMEN WHO ARE STATIONED ON EITHER SIDE!
JUDGING BY THE AMOUNT OF PULSEBEATS I HEAR, THE POLICE GOT THEM ALL... INCLUDING APE AND SILENT SAM!
THEY'RE TAKING ALL THE MOBSTERS BACK TO TOWN IN THE WAGONS, MR. MURDOCK! AND, WITH THE OWL VANISHED, IT SEEMS YOU'VE LOST A CLIENT!
FROM WHAT I'VE HEARD OF HIM, KAREN, IT'S NOT MUCH OF A LOSS! I'M NOT REALLY CUT OUT FOR ALL THIS COPS AND ROBBERS STUFF!
OH, WELL, EH.. I GUESS WE'D BETTER BE GETTING HOME NOW...
IT'S ODD... EVEN THOUGH YOU SAY THAT... YOU REMIND ME SOMEHOW OF ANOTHER MAN... A MAN WHO IS SO TOTALLY DIFFERENT!
AND, AFTER REACHING THE CITY, AS MATT SLOWLY WALKS AWAY...
I MUST BE FALLING IN LOVE WITH HIM! WHY ELSE WOULD SUCH A SHY, QUIET, HANDICAPPED MAN REMIND ME OF... OF ALL PEOPLE... THE MAN CALLED DAREDEVIL ??!
NEXT ISH: DAREDEVIL AND THE MENACE OF THE PURPLEMAN!

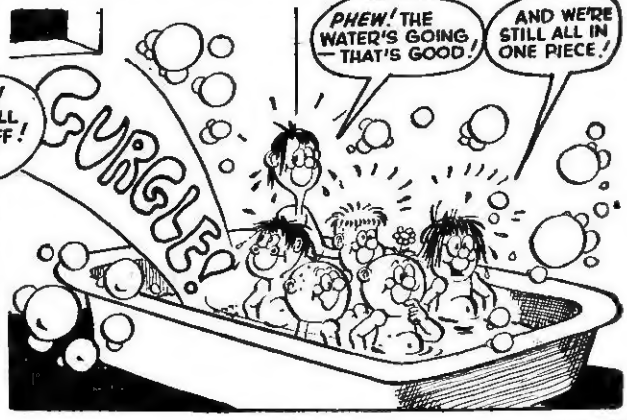

IT'S... DANGER MOUSE!
REWARD FOR CAPTURE OF CAT BURGLAR BUTCH
ALL I NEED TO CATCH THAT CAT CROOK IS A PAIR OF SCISSORS AND A MALLET!
LATER...
HEH! HEH! WHAT AN EASY SNATCH!
SNIP! SNIP!
HO! HO! WHAT A KNOCK-OUT!
BLAM!
HANDY THINGS, SCISSORS AND MALLETS!
REWARD
DM

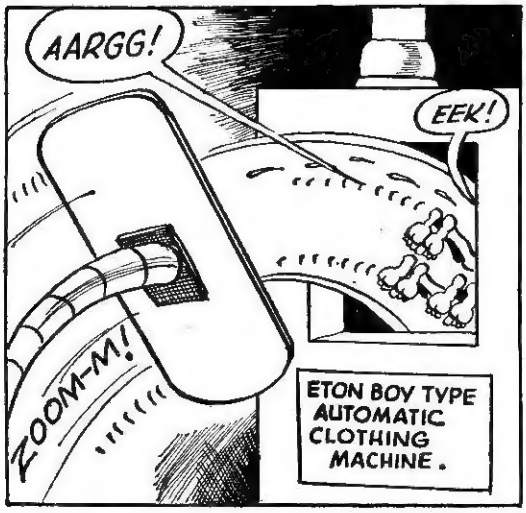
The SWOTS and the BLOTS







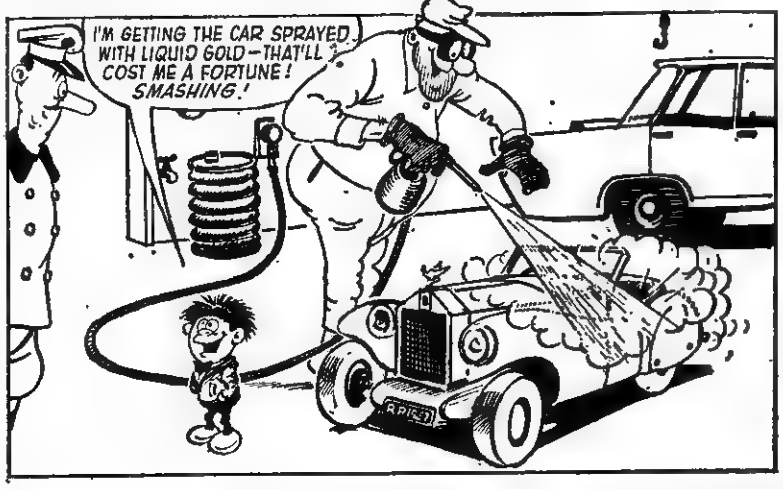


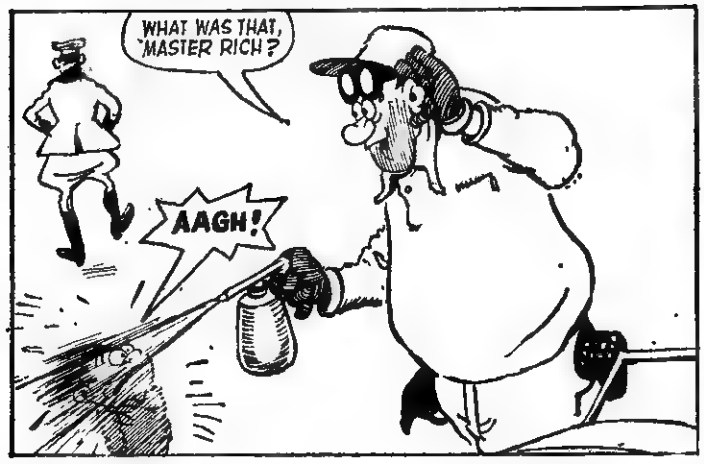


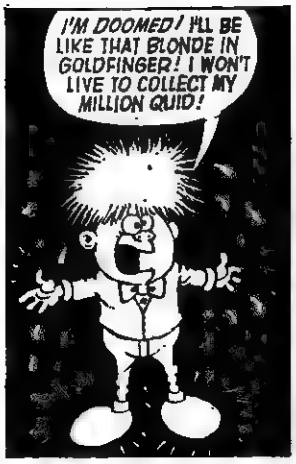
YES— THE SCHOOL GOVERNORS ARE GOING TO PAY US A VISIT. A SMART CLASS COULD MEAN A RAISE FOR ME! HEH! HEH!
THIS WAY, YOUR HIGHNESSES...
WHAT A SMART TURNOUT. SPLENDID CLASS!
PLEASED!
THE LITTLE ANGELS— SIGH!
THOSE LADS ARE A CREDIT! HOW DO YOU DO IT, TEACHER?
I-ER- DO MY HUMBLE BEST, SIRE—
LOOK, BLOTS! THIS IS WHAT THE CRAFTY OL' GOAT USED ON US — AN ELECTRONIC MACHINE!— WONDER HOW IT WORKS—
PRESS!
AAGH!
DROP!
HELP! —NOW I'VE BEEN BADLY LET DOWN!
HELP!
OW! IT MUST BE A TORTURE CHAMBER!
MERCY!
ZOOM-M!
ZOOM-M-M!
JUST LET ME GET MY HANDS ON THAT MADMAN!
GURR! COME HERE! I ONLY WANT TO GIVE YOU A RAISE!
I THINK WE MIGHT AS WELL GO HOME!
Y-YES! —WITH YOUR FOOT!
HO! HO! THIS JUST PROVES THAT AUTOMATION IN SCHOOLS IS A WASH-OUT!
THAT'S BETTER! WE'RE MORE LIKE OUR OLD SELVES NOW!
YEAH! BUT I STILL DON'T FEEL COMFY— WE'RE TOO CLEAN!
NEVER MIND —I KNOW A SMASHING RUBBISH DUMP!
...AND MAYBE WE'LL FIND TEACH ON IT! SNIGGER!

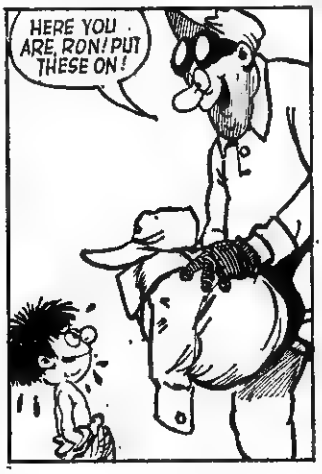
HE'LL INHERIT A MILLION—IF HE CAN SPEND THE MONEY HE'S GOT...

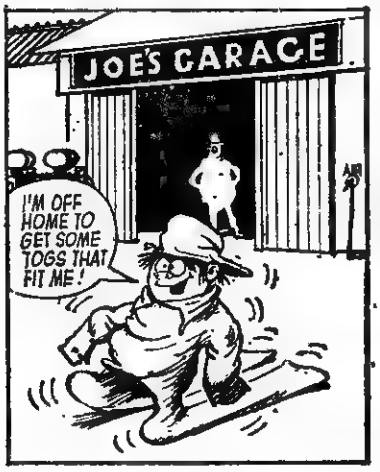
RONNIE RICH

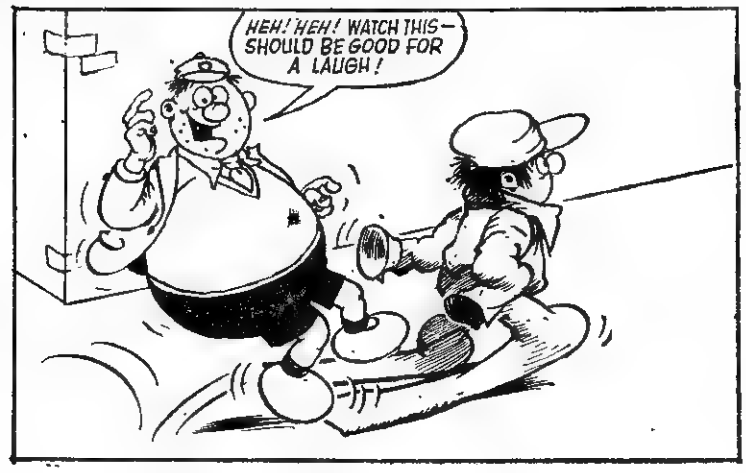


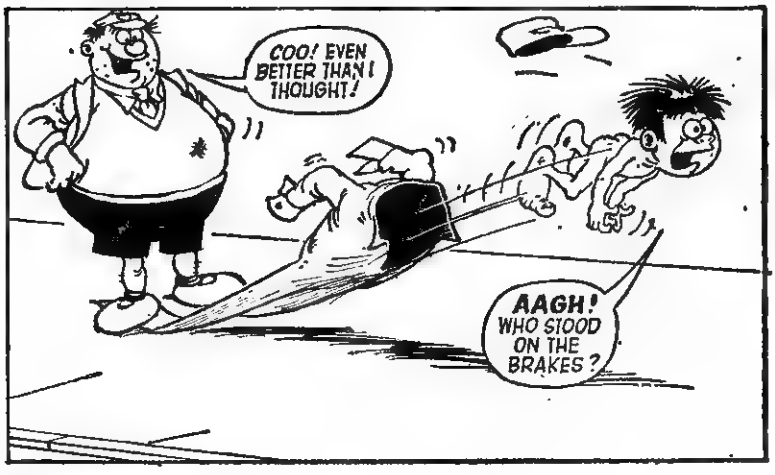


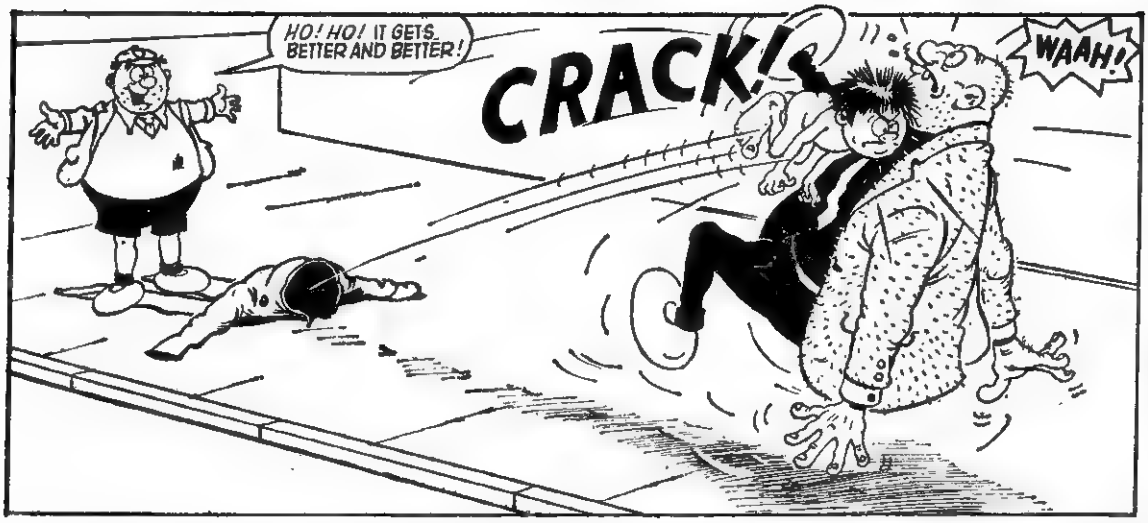


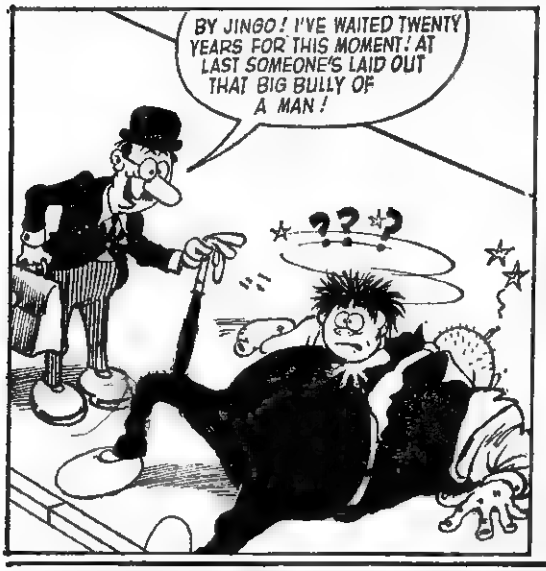


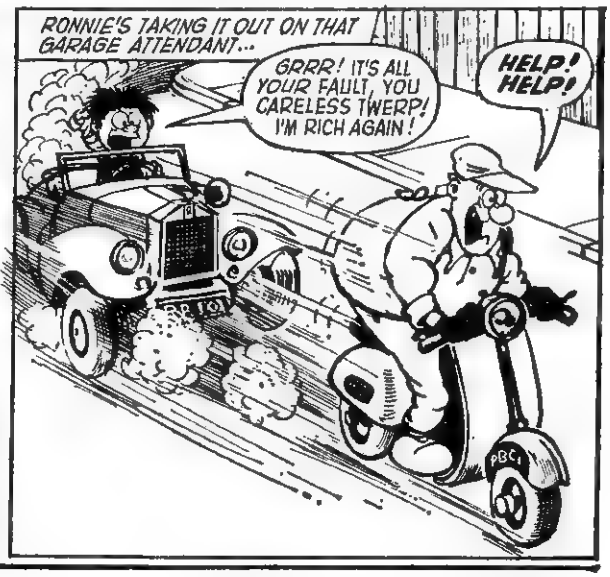












BABY SMASHER

144 DIFFERENT STAMPS

FREE!

Just fill in the coupon below and we will send you a wonderful packet of 144 different stamps FREE OF CHARGE together with a selection of Approvals.
Please enclose 4d. postage.
Tell your parents you are writing.

Please send Free Gifts and Approvals as advertised to:

NAME.....

ADDRESS .....

.....

THE BRIDGNORTH STAMP CO. LTD. (Dept. F120)
BRIDGNORTH, SHROPSHIRE

FREE! LARGE SIZE GREAT BRITAIN PACKET

Includes *First Coronation* stamp; 1958 *Dragon* Pictorial; Nature Week; *Red Cross* Centenary; N P Y *Map* stamp and many other big Great Britain Stamps: *Flowers; Sports; Animals; Famous Men*, etc. All Large—all genuine.

Approvals will also be sent. Just fill in the coupon below and enclose 4d. stamp for postage. Please tell your parents you are writing.

TO **JET STAMPS** MUCH WENLOCK (Dept. G51), SALOP

PLEASE SEND ME THE FREE GREAT BRITAIN PACKET AND APPROVALS, I ENCLOSE 4d. POSTAGE.

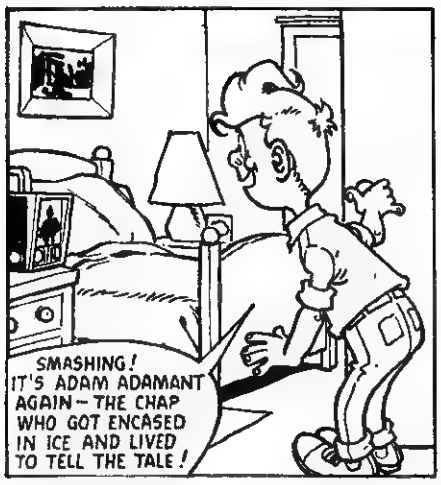
NAME.....

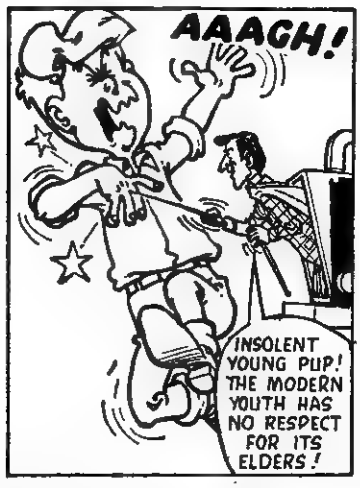
ADDRESS .....

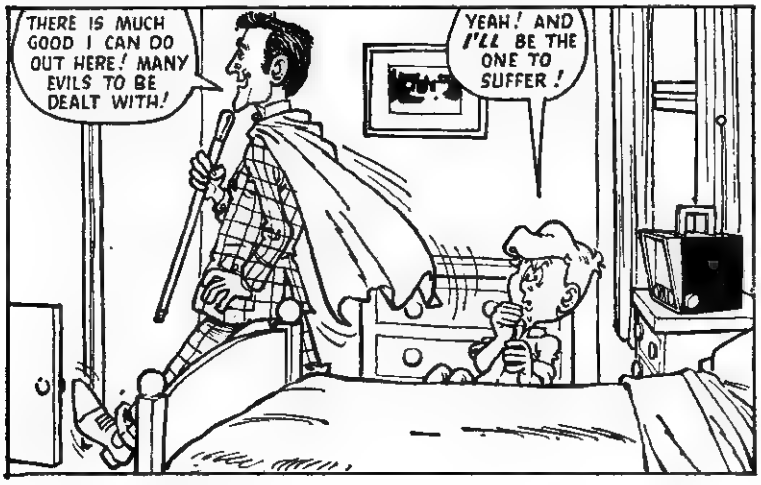
.....

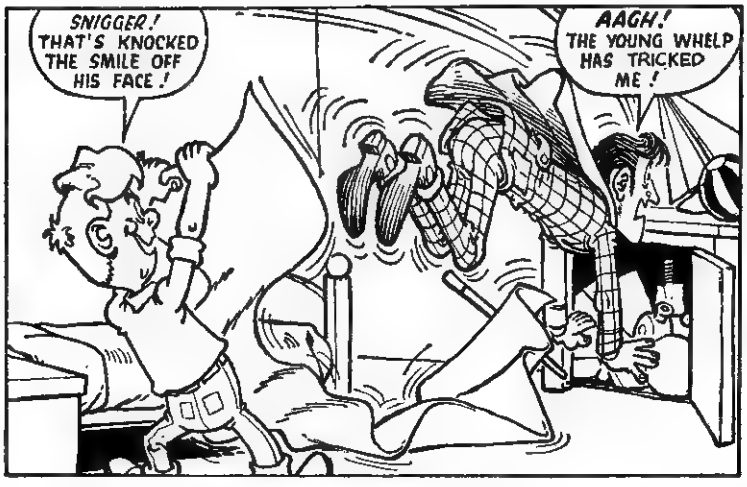
Charlie's Choice

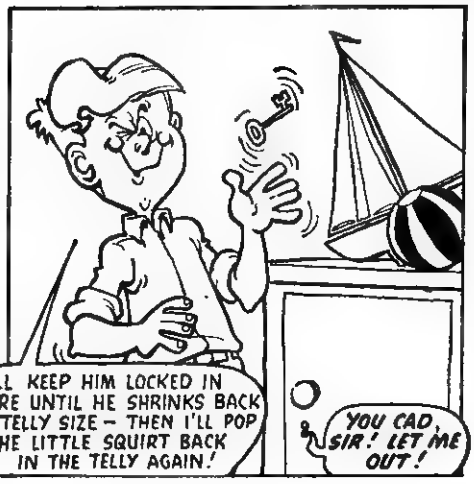
THE TV SET WITH A DIFFERENCE!

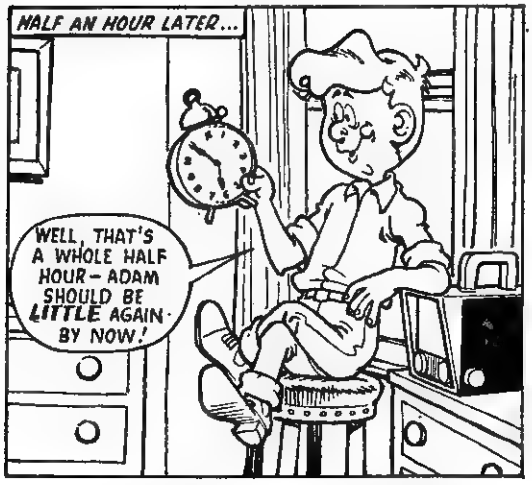


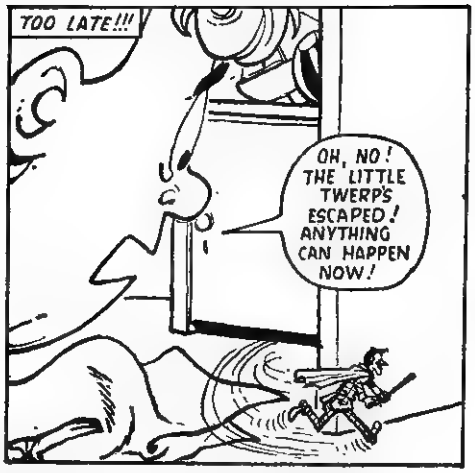


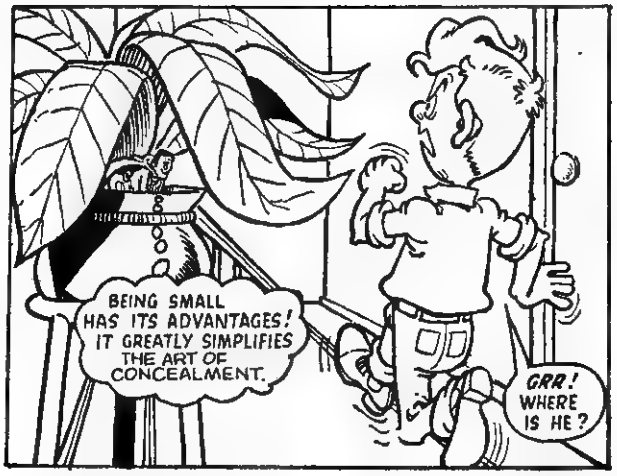




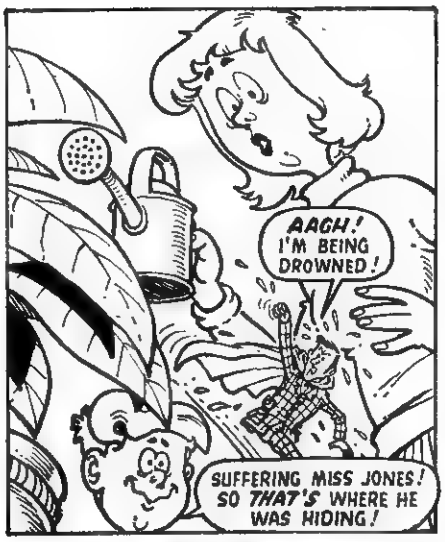


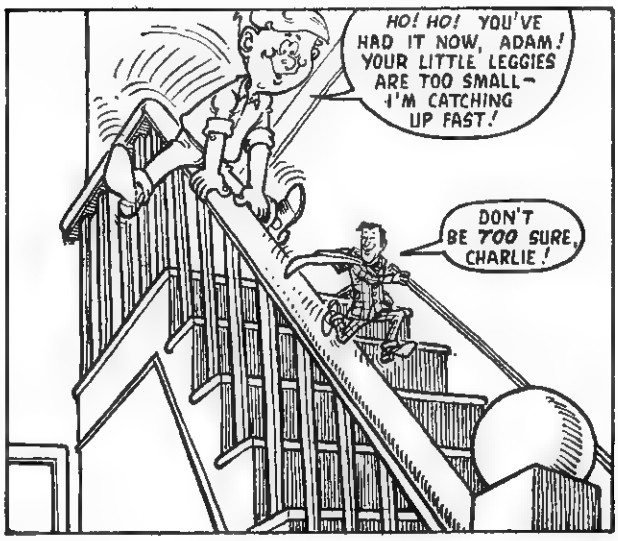


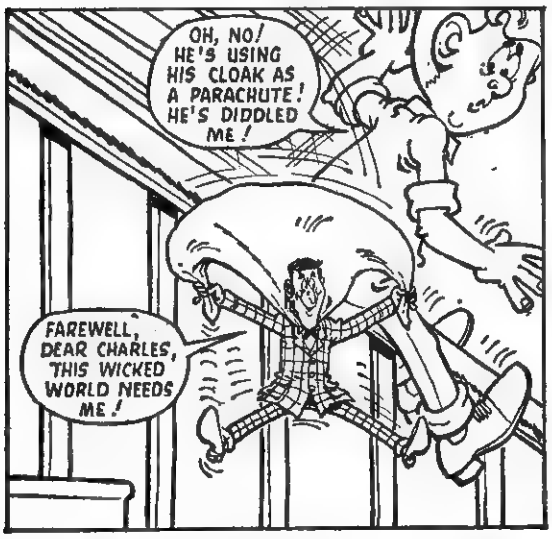


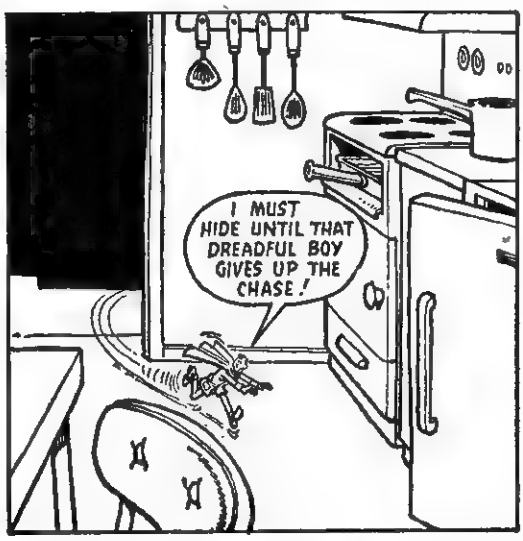


LOOK OUT, ADAM, HERE COMES MUM...
MY BEAUTIFUL PLANT LOOKS AS IF IT NEEDS A SPOT OF WATER!

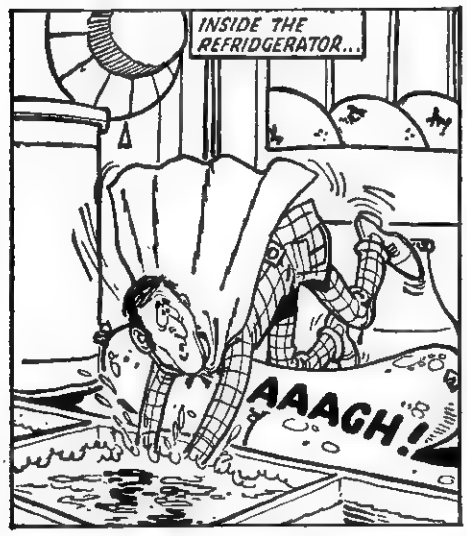

AAGH! I'M BEING DROWNED!
SUFFERING MISS JONES! SO THAT'S WHERE HE WAS HIDING!


HO! HO! YOU'VE HAD IT NOW, ADAM! YOUR LITTLE LEGGIES ARE TOO SMALL— I'M CATCHING UP FAST!
DON'T BE TOO SURE, CHARLIE!


OH, NO! HE'S USING HIS CLOAK AS A PARACHUTE! HE'S DIDDLED ME!
FAREWELL, DEAR CHARLES, THIS WICKED WORLD NEEDS ME!


I MUST HIDE UNTIL THAT DREADFUL BOY GIVES UP THE CHASE!

AHA! THIS LITTLE ROOM SHOULD SERVE MY PURPOSE! I SHALL HIDE MYSELF HERE AWHILE!


INSIDE THE REFRIDGERATOR...
AAAGH!

MEANWHILE...
I GIVE UP! I CAN'T SEE HIM ANYWHERE— AND SOME CLOT'S LEFT THE FRIDGE DOOR OPEN— ALL THE ICE WILL BE TURNED TO WATER!

I JUST HOPE HE DOESN'T LAND ME IN TROUBLE, THAT'S ALL!

LATER...
STILL NO SIGN OF HIM— I THINK I'LL TREAT MYSELF TO AN ICED DRINK!

SUFFERING CATFISH! HOW DID HE GET IN THERE? HE'S FROZEN STIFF IN THE ICE-TRAY!

HEE! HEE! POOR OLD ADAM! ENCASED IN ICE AGAIN— SERVES HIM RIGHT!
BAH! I'M FROZEN AGAIN!

MEET... Mister Knowall

He knows everything there is to know about everything — and he's here to show you what a load of laughs it is to be a Knowall, too!

HOW well can you — or any of your mates—control your hands? If you think you can make them go quickly to any part of yourself you choose, try this for giggles . . . Hold your left ear with your left hand and your nose with your right hand. Now—quickly—change over hands to touch your ear with the hand that was holding your nose, and your nose with the hand that was holding your ear.

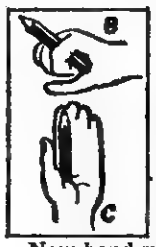
Keep your eyes open for giggles when your mates do it, but watch out you don't poke yourself in the eye when you do it yourself. Thanks to Knowall Leslie Allen of London for one of the biggest laughs in the Garret this week.

Now here is a trick that needs a bit of practice in front of a mirror before you demonstrate it in public. Do it in slow motion, step by step, as explained below, and it won't take more than a few minutes before you become the master of . . .

THE VANISHING PENCIL!

Actually, you need a very short stub of pencil — about the size of a cigarette.

(A) Hold it between your fingers as you would a cigarette.



(B) Draw back the two fingers holding it, so that it drops into the fold of skin at the base of your thumb. You'll find that you can hold it quite tightly in this fold. This will enable you (C) to *straighten out your fingers, CONCEALING* the pencil held in the fold.

Now bend your fingers backwards to take up the pencil again, and it will look as though you've snatched it out of thin air.

The Rising Pencil

Ever seen a pencil rise out of someone's hand? Your mates will, when you perform this trick! Practice this in front of the mirror first—and you'll see just how mysteriously clever it looks to other people. Hold a pencil in your balled fist with the back of your hand towards the mirror.

Now rub the back of your fist with your other hand—and the pencil rises up out of it. The harder you rub, the faster it rises. No—it's not done by the electricity in your hands (though you can tell your mates it is). The simple trick is that the bottom of the pencil is resting on your thumb. And the faster you raise your thumb, the faster the pencil rises.

DID YOU KNOW?

We all know that there are birds which can't fly—but here's a duck that can't SWIM! Yes, farmer Cyril Skinner, of Four Elms, Kent, owns a duck, named Barney, who just can't seem to get his sea legs. The probable reason was that he was born miles from the nearest duckpond!

PLACE THE NUMBERS...

Take the numbers one to eight. Now challenge anyone to write them down in three lines so that no number consecutively follows another. For example, 2 must not be written down next to 1, and so on. You'll find that this is even likely to beat your Maths Master, let along the biggest Swot in the class. I'll give you the answer next week.

FREE! 10 NEW RALEIGH MUSTANG BICYCLES TO BE WON

TWO WEEKS TO GO!

This fabulous competition appears this week in all five of the Power Comics - FANTASTIC - TERRIFIC - SMASH - WHAM - POW . . . and it will be repeated every week in all five comics for the next two weeks. Thus, each week you can compete on an entry coupon from any or all of the 'POWER-packed' five.

What is more, you can send your entries in now or, to save postage, you can keep them and send all your entries in together at the end of the contest.

What a FANTASTIC offer! Start entering this TERRIFIC competition now . . . and as often as you can - POW! WHAM! SMASH! *you* can win one of our ten super bikes - FREE!

HOW TO ENTER Pierrots on the piers are strictly for squares! What we want is pops in the Pavilion!

Imagine you were to be the producer of a pop show to run for the summer at a British seaside resort. If you could book TEN of the turns listed on your free entry coupon, which TEN would you choose in order to make the show the most entertaining one and a sure-fire success?

Simply place a cross (X) in the blank spaces next to the TEN turns you select. You don't have to worry about the order in which they will appear—just mark ten crosses.

If you are aged 10 or under you may complete the entries in pencil: older readers MUST use ink—pen or ball-point.

Next, add your age and your name and address in block letters, and post your entry in a sealed envelope (4d. postage) to the address shown on your entry coupon. Remember, you can post your coupon(s) now or you can save them until the end of the competition. All entries must arrive by not later than FRIDAY, 8th SEPTEMBER, 1967.

RULES There are ten prizes, each of a Raleigh Mustang bicycle. All entries will be examined, and the prizes awarded to the ten competitors who have, in the opinion of the judges, shown the most skill and judgment in selecting the ten turns which, together, would make a seaside summer pop show the most entertaining one and a sure-fire success. Should there be more than ten such entries, those, tying will be invited to enter a free eliminating contest to decide the ten winners. No reader can win more than one award.

The competition is open to all readers in the U.K. and Eire other than children of employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and associated companies. Each reader is allowed to submit one entry coupon every week from each of the five Power comics in which this competition appears.

The decisions of the Managing Editor and the judges are final in all matters relating to the competition, and no correspondence will be entered into. The result will be published in the five Power Comics.

Cut around the broken line

FREE ENTRY FORM — POWER POP COMPETITION

Place a cross (X) in the blank space against each of the TEN turns you select

Bachelors	
Barron Knights	
Bat Flavors	
Cliff Richard	
Dusty Springfield	
Freddie and the Dreamers	
Ken Dodd	
Lulu	
Mamas and Papas	
Manfred Mann	
Monkees	
Paul and Barry Ryan	
Petula Clark	
Sandie Shaw	
Seekers	
Shadows	
Tom Jones	
Tremeloes	
Val Doonican	
Walker Brothers	

AGE ..... NAME .....
(Block letters)

ADDRESS .....
(Block letters)

Post your entry to: POWER POP COMPETITION, 90 LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. 19.8.67

THE INCREDIBLE HULK!

"BOOMERANG AND THE BRUTE!"

IT FINALLY HAPPENED! HAVING DEFEATED THE DEADLY *HULK-KILLER* LAST ISH, OUR JOLLY GREEN GIANT IS NOW HAILED AS A *HERO*! BUT, JUST BETWEEN US... HE'S LIABLE TO SET HERO-DOM BACK A HUNDRED YEARS! C'MON, LET'S GRAB A PIECE OF THE ACTION...!

STAY BACK! BACK! NOBODY CROWDS THE *HULK*!

I DON'T *LIKE* IT! HE'S TOO *UNPREDICTABLE*! *ANYTHING* CAN HAPPEN!

THANK HEAVEN...HE'S ALL RIGHT!

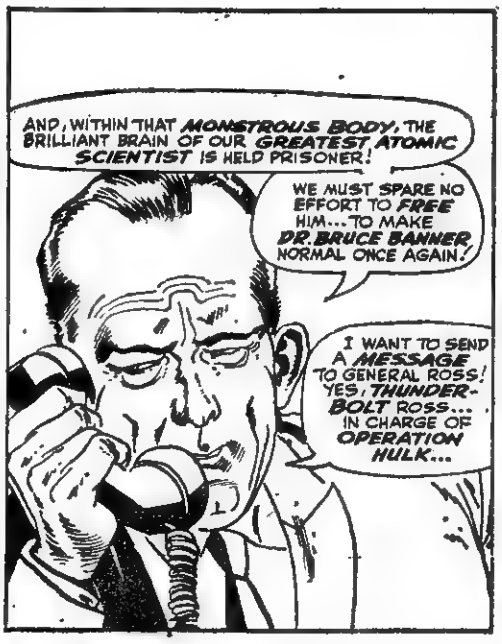
HOW CAN SHE STILL *LOVE* BRUCE BANNER ...KNOWING HE'S ALSO...THE *HULK*?

GET THOSE *BARRIERS* UP! KEEP THE *CROWD* BACK!

C'MON, BIG MAN... *SMILE*! YOU DON'T WANNA *SCARE* OUR READERS, DO YOU?

THAT'S IT! JUST A LITTLE *CLOSER*! YOU'RE LIABLE TO CROWD THE *ELECTION* RIGHT OFF THE FRONT PAGE!

Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group. 1967



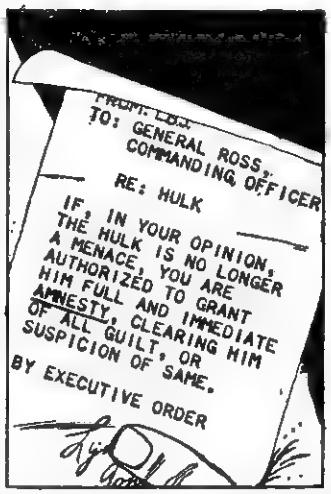
ALL I NEED DO IS ANGER HIM...MAKE HIM GO ON A RAMPAGE AGAIN!
=ARGHHN!=
SKLAST!
FILLASH!!
MEN TRY TO HURT HULK...TRY TO ATTACK WITHOUT WARNING!
NO ONE ATTACKS THE HULK!...NOW HULK FIGHTS BACK!
IT WORKED! NO ONE WILL SUSPECT THAT BOOMERANG IS RESPONSIBLE!
HAH! RUN! RUN FROM THE ANGER... OF...THE HULK!
NEWS TV
EVERYONE BACK! HURRY! GET OFF THE STREETS!
HE'S GONE MAD! HE'S TRYING TO KILL US ALL!
SOMETHING'S WRONG! HE WOULDN'T GO BERSERK THAT WAY FOR NO REASON!
HE NEEDS HELP! I'VE GOT TO GO TO HIM!
DON'T BE A FOOL!..COME BACK! I WON'T LET YOU!
TALBOT! DISPERSE THE CROWDS! GET MY DAUGHTER OUT OF THERE!
'B' COMPANY! BATTLE POSITIONS! SURROUND THE HULK! ON THE DOUBLE!
MOVE, YOU LEAD-HEADS! IF HE ISN'T RESTRAINED, HE COULD TEAR THIS WHOLE BLASTED NEIGHBOURHOOD DOWN AROUND OUR EARS!
I WANT EVERY AVAILABLE MAN AT HIS POST!
GET THOSE CIVILIANS OFF THE STREET!
BUT, ONE SHARP-EYED YOUTH HAS SPOTTED THE SINISTER FIGURE LURKING ATOP THE SHADOWY LEDGE..
IT'S BOOMERANG!
HE MUST HAVE STEAMED UP THE HULK!
GENERAL! LISTEN TO ME! IT ISN'T THE HULK YOU'VE GOT TO WORRY ABOUT! THERE'S A GREATER DANGER HERE AMONG US! LET ME TELL YOU..!
BLAST IT, BOY! LET GO OF MY ARM! I'VE GOT THE SAFETY OF A CITY TO WORRY ABOUT! TAKE COVER SOMEWHERE! THAT'S AN ORDER!
BUT..YOU'VE GOT TO LISTEN!
I LISTEN TO NOTHING... WHILE THAT MONSTER STILL LIVES!
CAN'T REASON WITH HIM! BUT, I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING!
MY ONLY CHANCE IS THE HULK HIMSELF! IF I CAN GET HIM TO UNDERSTAND...!
HULK! IT'S ME...RICK! I WANNA HELP YOU!
YOU'VE GOTTA CALM DOWN... SHOW THEM YOU'RE NOT DANGEROUS! FOR YOUR OWN SAKE!
IF YOU DON'T, YOU'LL BE HUNTED AGAIN!
YOU WON'T HAVE A CHANCE! THEY'LL GET YOU, SOONER OR LATER!
NOBODY SCARES THE HULK! PUNY SOLDIERS CAN'T HURT ME!
GUNS! ALL AROUND ME! I'LL SHOW THEM WHAT HULK THINKS OF GUNS!
BUT..YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND..!
THIS WAS HIS CHANCE TO BE HELPED! IF HE BLOWS IT NOW..!
KEEP THOSE BAZOOKAS TRAINED ON HIM! IF HE MAKES ONE WRONG MOVE...FIRE!
YOU MAY NOT SMASH HIM, BUT YOU'LL SURE SLOW HIM DOWN UNTIL THE ARTILLERY GETS HERE!
NO SWEAT, SIR! HE WON'T GET PAST US!
BUT THEN, THE MIGHTIEST MORTAL ARM ON EARTH SMASHES THE PAVEMENT BELOW WITH THE SENSES-STAGGERING IMPACT OF AN A-BOMB..!
THROOOOM
AND, BEFORE THE STARTLED TROOPS CAN RETRIEVE THEIR FALLEN WEAPONS...
HULK THROUGH LISTENING...!
NOBODY CAN STOP HULK!
HULK..DON'T.. OOOH!
..NOBODY!

IT WORKED! BY ANGERING HIM, I TURNED HIM INTO AN OUTCAST AGAIN!
NOW I CAN ATTACK HIM WITH IMPUNITY! AND, AFTER I'VE DESTROYED HIM, I'LL BE ACCLAIMED A HERO!
LEAP, YOU BRAINLESS GARGOYLE! THERE'S NO PLACE YOU CAN GO WHERE BOOMERANG CAN'T FOLLOW!

HE GOT AWAY! BUT, I'LL FIND HIM! I'LL TRACK HIM DOWN IF IT TAKES THE REST OF MY LIFE! NOBODY CAN DEFY THE ARMY... THE LAW..
BUT, DAD! HE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT HE'S DOING! YOU CAN'T PUNISH BRUCE BANNER FOR THE DEEDS OF THE HULK!
HOW DO WE KNOW BANNER ISN'T RESPONSIBLE, BETTY?

WE KNOW SO LITTLE ABOUT THE HULK! WHAT IF BANNER IS IN CONTROL OF HIM... ALL THE TIME?
GENERAL ROSS! I HAVE AN URGENT DISPATCH FOR YOU... FROM WASHINGTON!
A WHITE HOUSE COURIER! WHAT DOES THIS MEAN?
DON'T JUST SIT THERE, MAN! LET ME HAVE IT!
SCREEEEE

IT'S CLASSIFIED TOP PRIORITY, SIR! FOR YOUR IMMEDIATE ATTENTION!
IT CONCERNS THE HULK!
I SUSPECTED AS MUCH!


TO: GENERAL ROSS, COMMANDING OFFICER
RE: HULK
IF, IN YOUR OPINION, THE HULK IS NO LONGER A MENACE, YOU ARE AUTHORIZED TO GRANT HIM FULL AND IMMEDIATE AMNESTY, CLEARING HIM OF ALL GUILT, OR SUSPICION OF SAME.
BY EXECUTIVE ORDER

SO... IT'S UP TO ME! IF, IN MY OPINION, THE HULK IS NO LONGER A MENACE...!
JUST A SHORT HALF HOUR AGO, MY ANSWER MIGHT HAVE BEEN DIFFERENT! BUT, NOW...

AND, EVEN AS THE PARDON WHICH MIGHT HAVE BEEN HIS FLOATS IRONICALLY TO THE GROUND, A NEW DANGER ARISES TO THREATEN THE SORELY-HARASSED GREEN GIANT...
AND NOW, HULK.. IT WILL BE JUST YOU AND ME...
BUT, BEFORE THE DAY IS ENDED, IT WILL BE ONLY... ME!

SECONDS LATER, AS THE INCREDIBLE RAMPAGER HEARS THE MUFFLED SOUND OF BOOMERANG'S POWERFUL ROCKET-JET BOOTS...
SOMEONE FOLLOWING..!
BOOMERANG! HULK'S ENEMY! TRIED TO KILL LAST TIME WE MET!
HE SEES ME! GOOD!

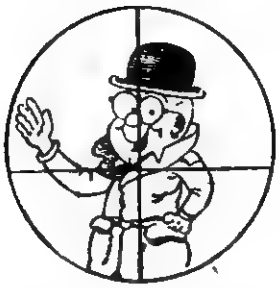
IF YOU KNOW ANY BEDTIME PRAYERS, UGLY... BETTER START MUMBLING THEM NOW! HERE'S WHERE I POLISH YOU OFF... FOR GOOD!
YOU! YOU DARE THREATEN HULK..?!!

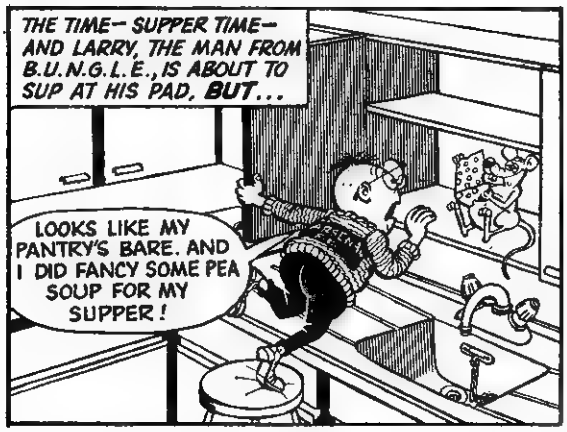
NOTHING CAN ESCAPE! HULK CAN LEAP ANYWHERE!
IT'S ALMOST TOO EASY! I'VE JUST GOTTA STAY FAR ENOUGH AHEAD TO LEAD HIM WHERE I WANT HIM!

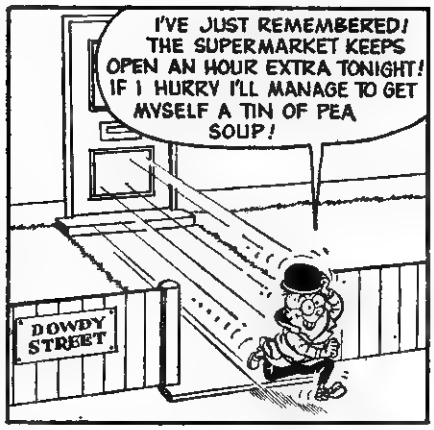
THIS IS IT! NOW TO START THE FESTIVITIES OFF WITH A BOUNCY LITTLE BLAST DISC..!
THIK!

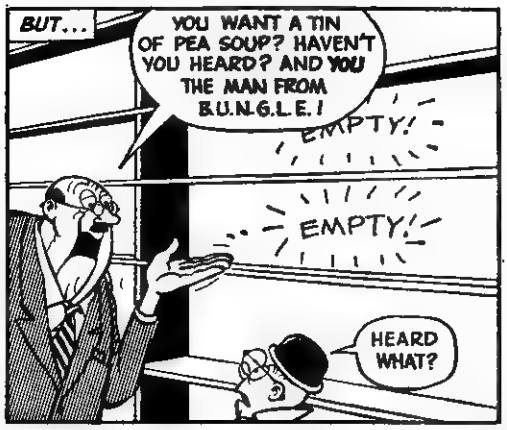
HERE'S A LITTLE WELCOME, HULK... FROM OL' BOOMY TO YOU!
BTAM!
ROCKS! FALLING DOWN... ON TOP OF ME!
AFTER ALL, I WOULDN'T WANT YOU TO FEEL NEGLECTED!
NEXT ISH: IMPACT!

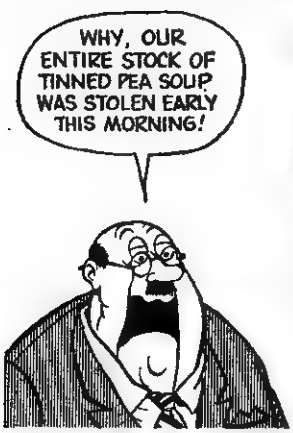
THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E.

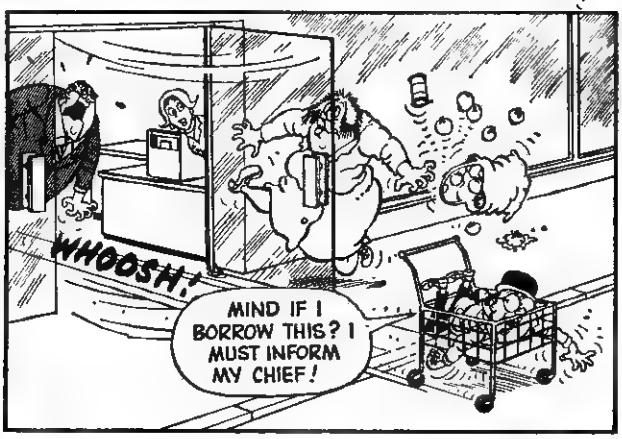


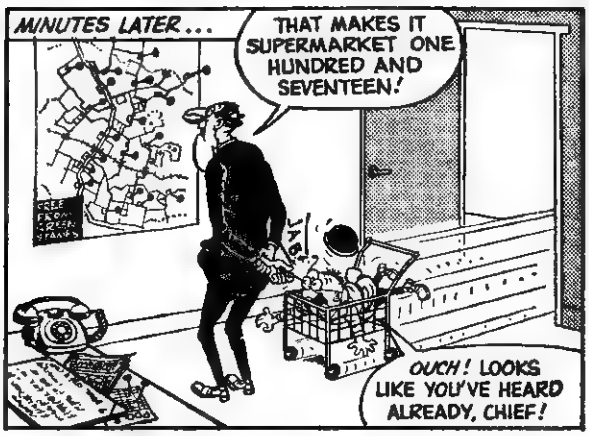


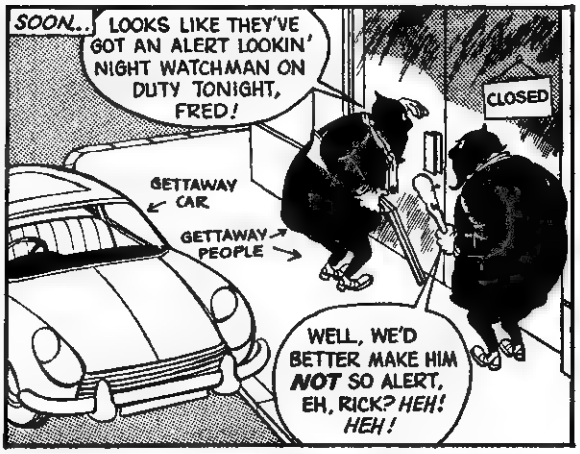










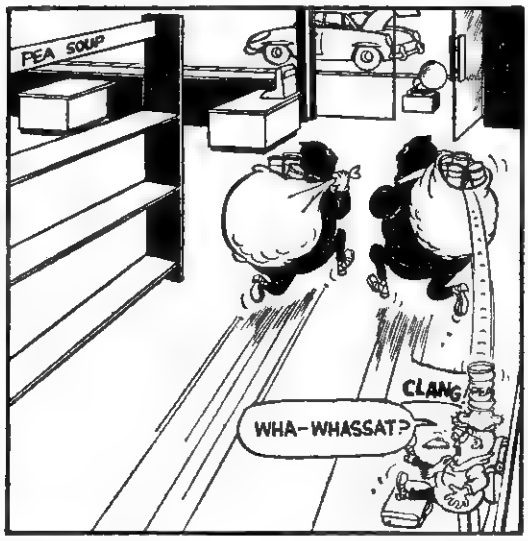


SUPER
NOW TO PLAY HIM SOME NICE, SOOTHING, LULLABY MUSIC WHILE WE PLUG UP OUR EAR-HOLES WITH COTTON WOOL!

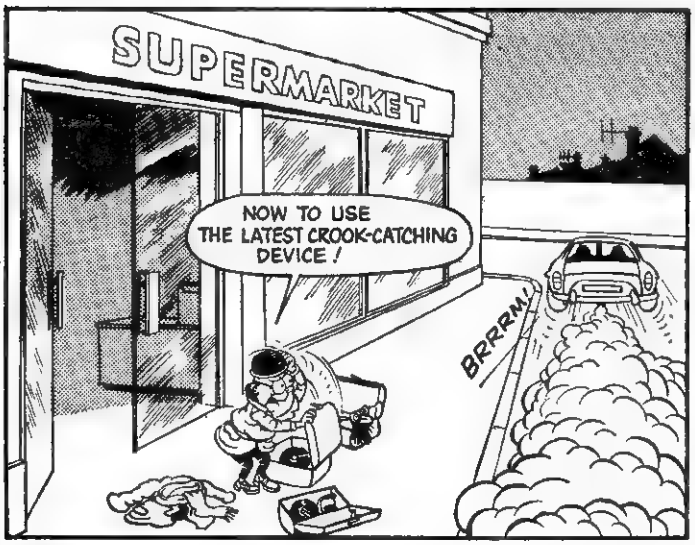
HEH! HEH! THAT SHOULD SEND HIM NODDING!

I MUST STAY AW...AKE. I M... UST ST...AY... AWA...ZZZZ!
YAWN!

OKAY, LET'S START LOADING!


PEA SOUP
CLANG
WHA-WHASSAT?

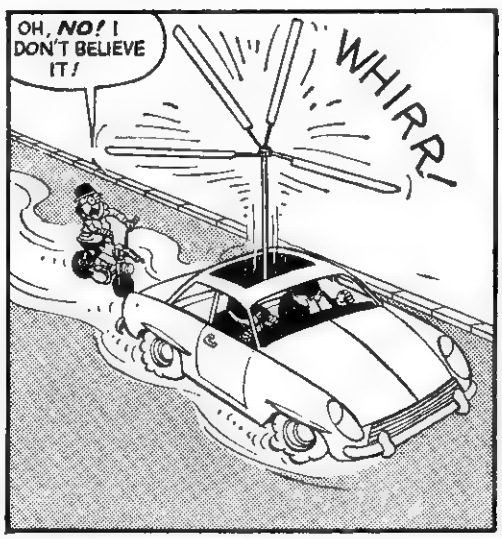
HEY! COME BACK, YOU PEA SOUP STEALING CROOKS!
HEH! HEH! YOU'LL HAVE TO CATCH US FIRST!

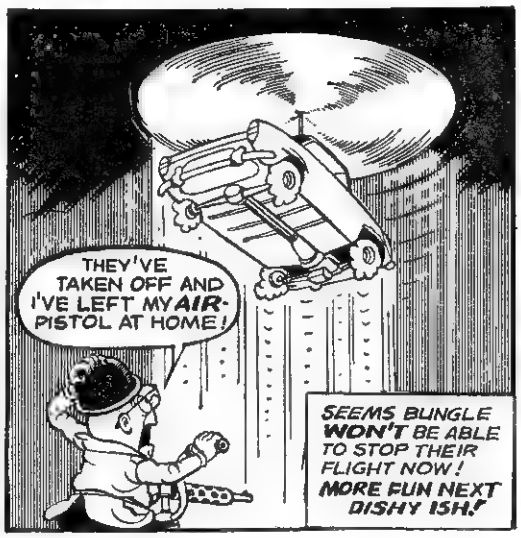

SUPERMARKET
NOW TO USE THE LATEST CROOK-CATCHING DEVICE!
BRRRM!

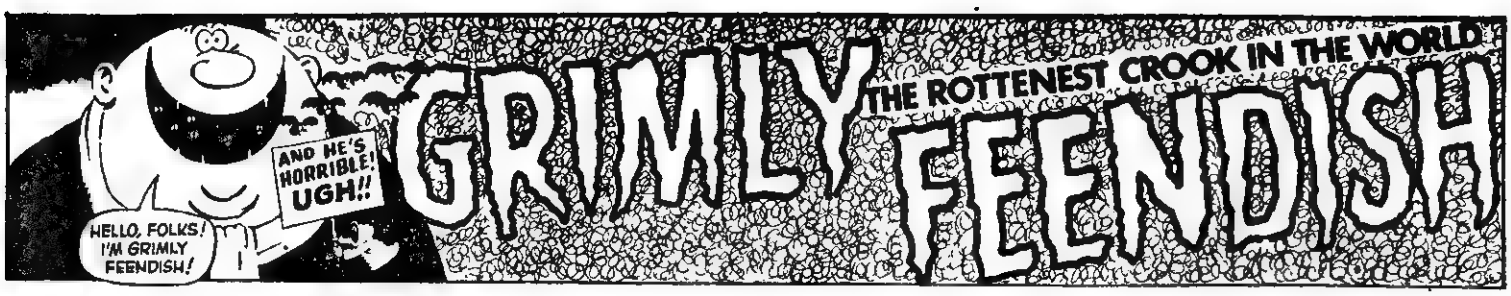
THEY WON'T GET AWAY FROM ME NOW!

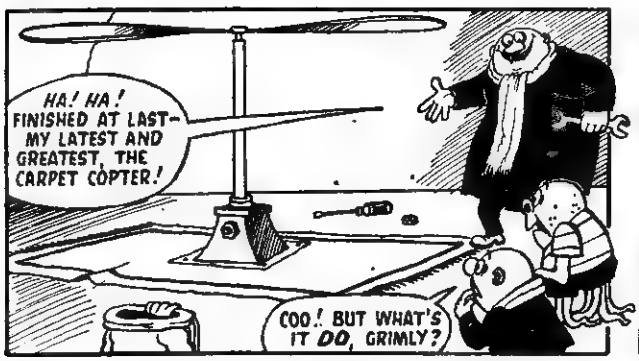
I'LL GIVE THEM A PUNCTURE OR TWO, OR THREE! THAT SHOULD STOP THEM QUICKLY ENOUGH!

COR, FRED! OUR WHEELS HAVE BEEN NOBBLED!
SO, WHO'S WORRYING, RICK?

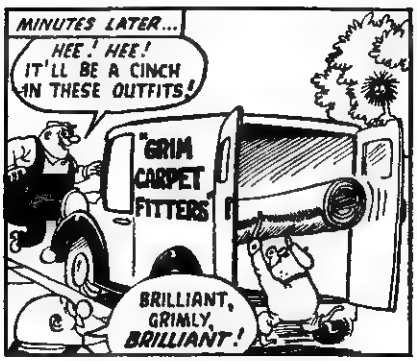

OH, NO! I DON'T BELIEVE IT!
WHIRR!

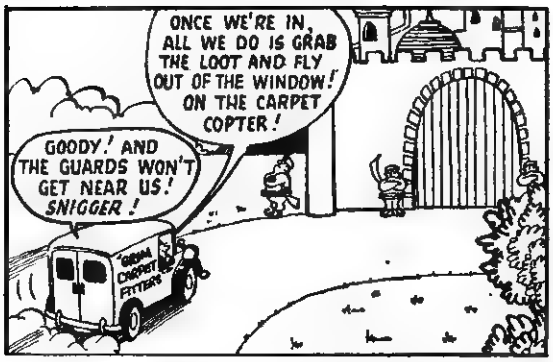

THEY'VE TAKEN OFF AND I'VE LEFT MY AIR-PISTOL AT HOME!
SEEMS BUNGLE WON'T BE ABLE TO STOP THEIR FLIGHT NOW! MORE FUN NEXT DISHY ISH!

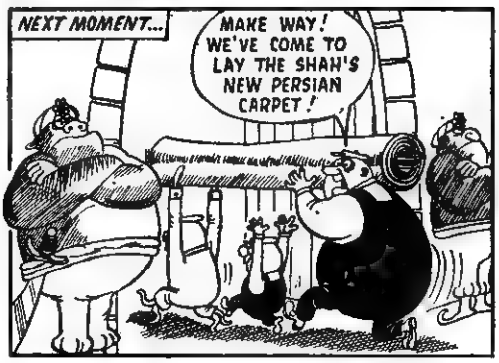

HELLO, FOLKS! I'M GRIMLY FEENDISH!
AND HE'S HORRIBLE! UGH!!
GRIMLY FEENDISH
THE ROTTENEST CROOK IN THE WORLD

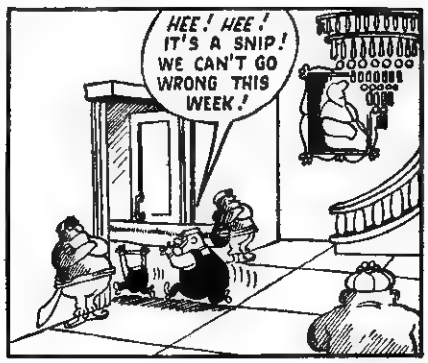

HA! HA! FINISHED AT LAST— MY LATEST AND GREATEST, THE CARPET COPTER!
COO! BUT WHAT'S IT DO, GRIMLY?

WE'RE GOING TO RAID THE SHAH OF PHAR'S PALACE!


MINUTES LATER...
HEE! HEE! IT'LL BE A CINCH IN THESE OUTFITS!
GRIM CARPET FITTERS
BRILLIANT, GRIMLY, BRILLIANT!

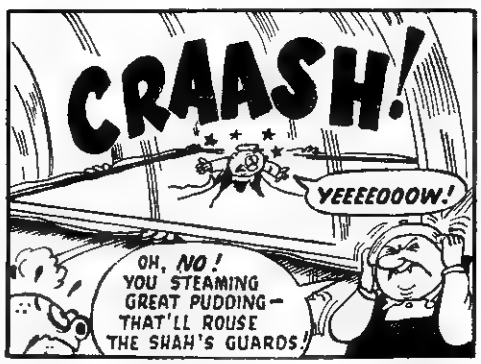

ONCE WE'RE IN, ALL WE DO IS GRAB THE LOOT AND FLY OUT OF THE WINDOW! ON THE CARPET COPTER!
GOODY! AND THE GUARDS WON'T GET NEAR US! SNIGGER!
GRIM CARPET FITTERS


NEXT MOMENT...
MAKE WAY! WE'VE COME TO LAY THE SHAH'S NEW PERSIAN CARPET!

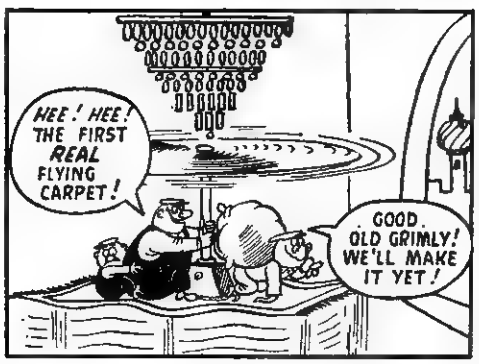

HEE! HEE! IT'S A SNIP! WE CAN'T GO WRONG THIS WEEK!

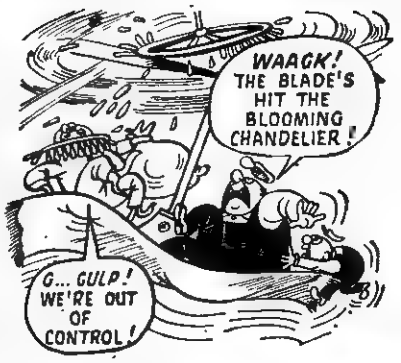
WE'LL BE RICH— RICH! THAT TWITTY SHAH WON'T KNOW WHAT HIT HIM!
COO! SHALL WE TAKE THIS, UNCLE GRIMLY? IT MUST BE WORTH A BOMB!

DON'T BE DAFT, YOU... WAAAGH! LOOK OUT! IT'S FALLING!

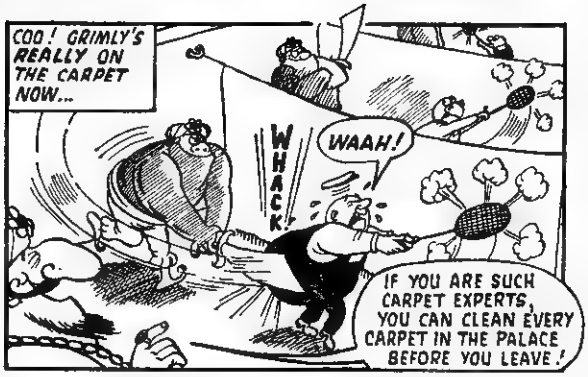

CRAASH!
YEEEEOOOW!
OH, NO! YOU STEAMING GREAT PUDDING— THAT'LL ROUSE THE SHAH'S GUARDS!

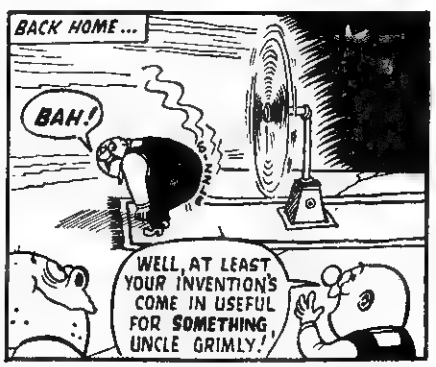
I'LL START THE CARPET COPTER! WE'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE, FAST!
RUNNING FOOTSTEPS
W... WAIT FOR ME, G... GRIMLY!


HEE! HEE! THE FIRST REAL FLYING CARPET!
GOOD, OLD GRIMLY! WE'LL MAKE IT YET!


WAACK! THE BLADE'S HIT THE BLOOMING CHANDELIER!
G... GULP! WE'RE OUT OF CONTROL!

OOOMPH!
AAAH! IT'S GRIMLY!


COO! GRIMLY'S REALLY ON THE CARPET NOW...
WHACK!
WAAH!
IF YOU ARE SUCH CARPET EXPERTS, YOU CAN CLEAN EVERY CARPET IN THE PALACE BEFORE YOU LEAVE!


BACK HOME...
BAH!
WELL, AT LEAST YOUR INVENTION'S COME IN USEFUL FOR SOMETHING, UNCLE GRIMLY!

Your chance — and ours — to say what we think . . .

SMASH-CHAT!

ALF & COS,
SMASH,
64 LONG ACRE,
LONDON, W.C.2

WRITE TO SMASH AND . . . WIN £1

Dear Alf and Cos,

I am writing to complain because in SMASH no. 71, which I was peacefully reading at the time, I found no page of MR. KNOWALL, and because of that strange happening, I was disgusted all day. I think the Tellybugs should be returned and also Brian's Brain, instead of Batman and Grimly Feendish—which I think are terrible. I see you also cut old Grimly to a half-page in SMASH no. 71 which I agree with. Keep up the good work with ol' Green Skin. I hope these criticisms have not led you to think that I dislike SMASH. I think it is absolutely FAB and I have received it ever since no. 1. I intend to continue getting it as long as I can.

Alan Spreadbury,
Prescot, Lancs.

● *We are sorry, too, that Mr. Knowall was not able to make it that week, Alan, but we thought we would give him a week's rest! You see, he seems to know so much these days that he was suffering from BRAIN FATIGUE!!*

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

I would like to know why The Hulk never grows a beard or moustache. With an all-action life like his he hasn't got time to shave, and has probably forgotten how to use a razor. I think it is probably due to the great change over his body from Prof. Banner, but all the same, I would like to know. I have followed SMASH right from the start, and would very much like to have my name printed in your fab mag. The Hulk is my favourite item in your SMASHing mag.

Robert Wells,
Eastbourne, Sussex.

● *The Hulk's had so many CLOSE SHAVES with General Ross lately that he* hasn't had the chance to grow a beard!

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

I am twelve years old and I read my brother's SMASH every week and it's really smashing. But in ish no. 72, John Loughnane says you should drop Danger Mouse. DON'T, PLEASE DON'T! Danger Mouse is my Fave Rave in SMASH. Drop anything except Danger Mouse, I entreat you. After all, D.M.'s smaller than you, and if you want to show how polite and well mannered(!) you both are, could you not be nice to a GIRL?

Moira Ann Smith,
Belfast 5.

● *How could we resist a plea like yours, Moira?—you know we always try to rescue Power damsels in distress. So, you can rest assured that you'll be seeing quite a lot of Danger Mouse in the future!*

Alf and Cos.

Dear Cos and Alf,

I might have better luck this time, when I put Cos before Alf. Why can't I get my name printed in your letters page? I am going on my holidays in a couple of weeks' time, so be a sport and, please, don't let me down this time.

Anita Griffin,
Kilkenny, Eire.

● *Well, Anita, the real reason we print all these Power-packed letters is so that we can all read one another's views, ideas and criticisms about our Mags. And much as we like reading how much you love us, that's not of much interest to anyone else. So we try to choose the letters that will be enjoyed by as many readers as possible. Have a nice holiday.*

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

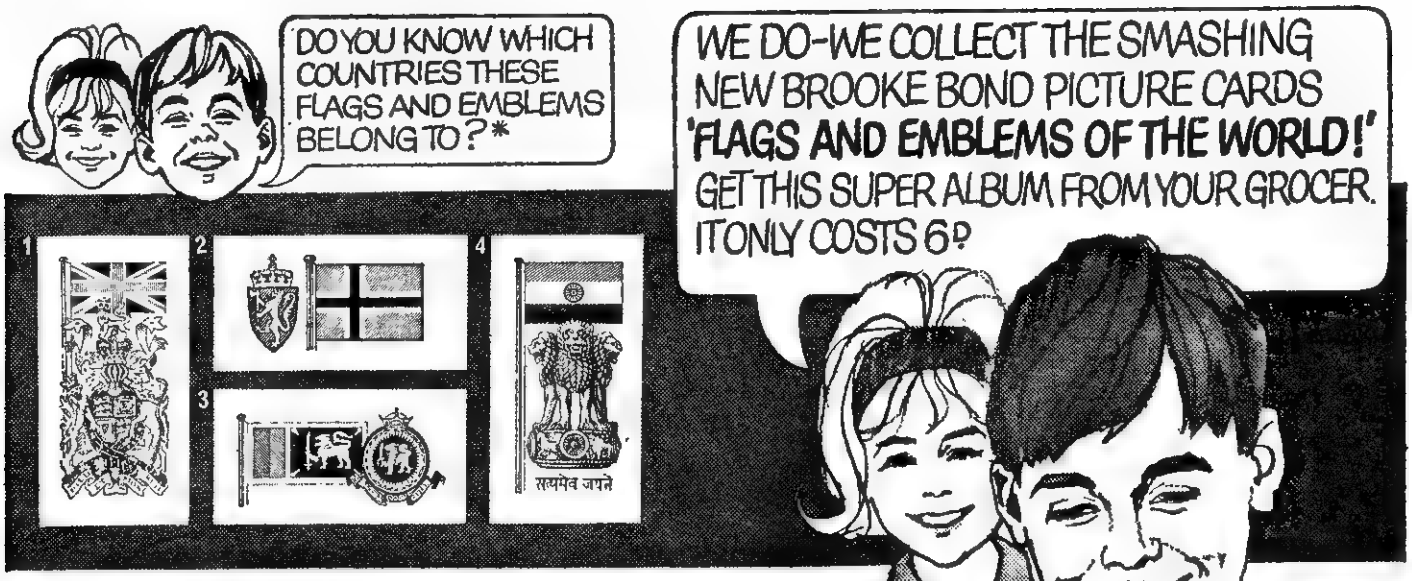
Does the Man from B.U.N.G.L.E. live in a bungle-ow? Power Comics are—well, you know the rest!

Terry Reynolds,
Hillmorton, Rugby.

● *He may well do, Terry, but as he appears in a* Power-House *comic, we reckon it must be* pre'-fab!!

Alf and Cos.

* * * * *



There's a wealth of interest and excitement in these colourful new Brooke Bond picture cards. When you collect them you soon learn the fascinating origins of 50 Flags and Emblems, as well as the countries to which they belong.

Get the Special Album It holds the whole series of 50 cards and gives lots of extra information and drawings of Flags, Emblems and Heraldry. It costs just 6d. from your grocer (or write to Brooke Bond Tea Ltd., Picture Card Division, Goulston Street, London, E.1. enclosing 6d stamp). Cards and albums available in U.K. only.

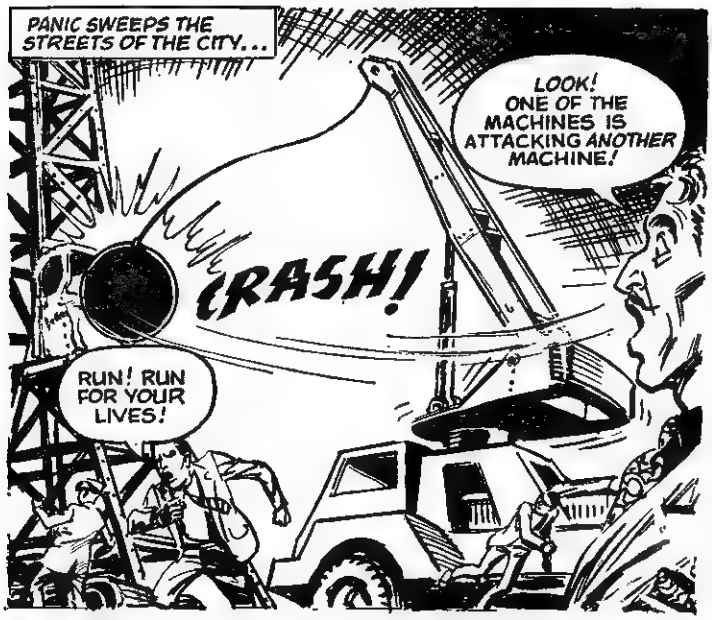
Were you right? Turn the page upside down to see
1. United Kingdom 2. Norway 3. Ceylon 4. India

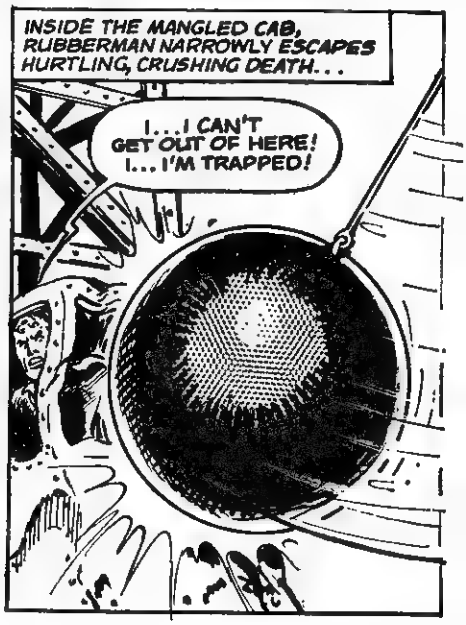
FLAGS & EMBLEMS OF THE WORLD

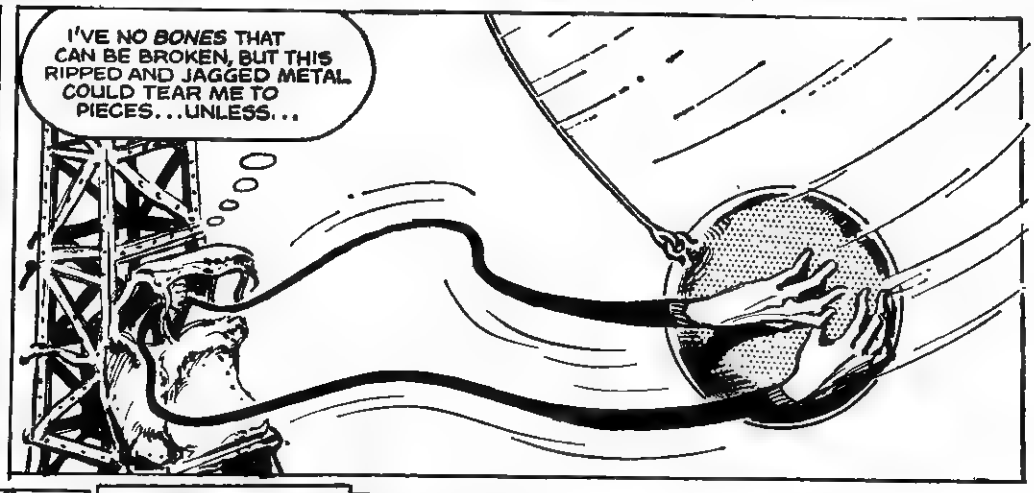
Picture Cards FREE in packets of Brooke Bond Tea and Tea Bags

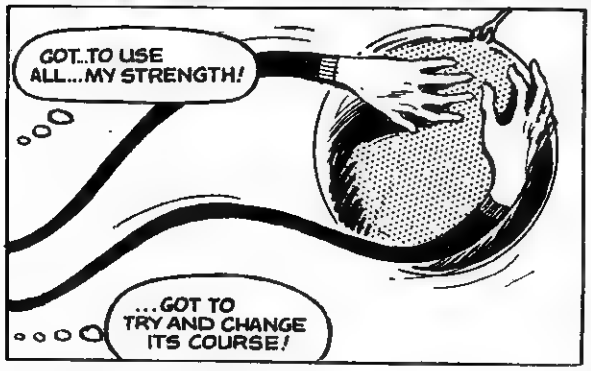
IT'S THE RUBBER MAN!

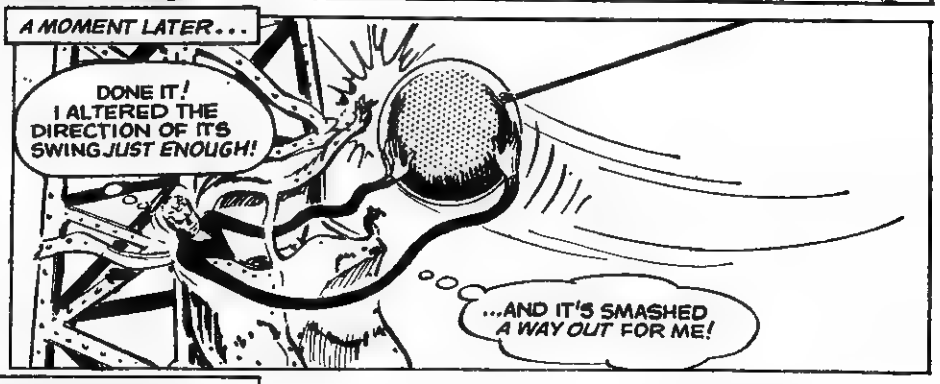
SUDDENLY IN WEST CITY, U.S.A., MACHINES AND VEHICLES COME TO LIFE **WITH NO-ONE AT THEIR CONTROLS!** RUBBERMAN, TRYING TO COMBAT A DESTRUCTION-WRECKING 'CLAW CRANE', IS TRAPPED IN ITS CONTROL CAB BY ANOTHER MACHINE-COME-TO-LIFE...

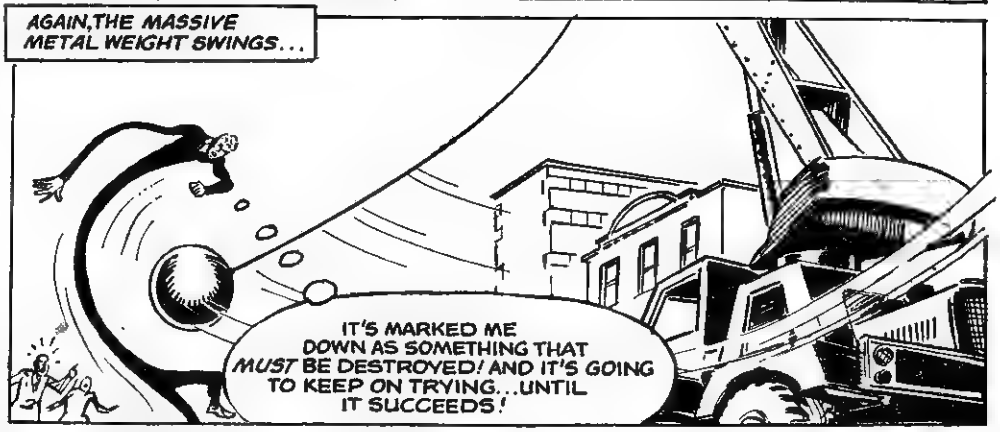






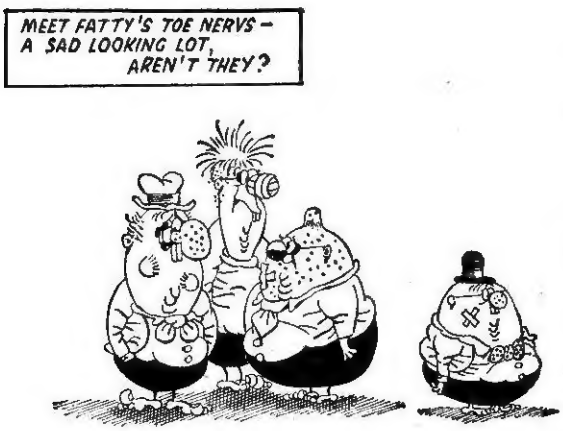


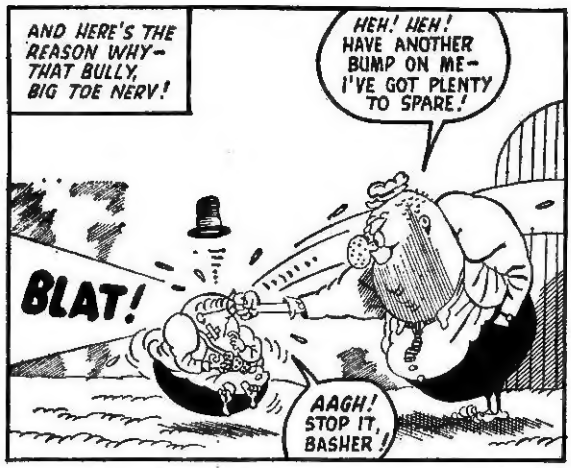


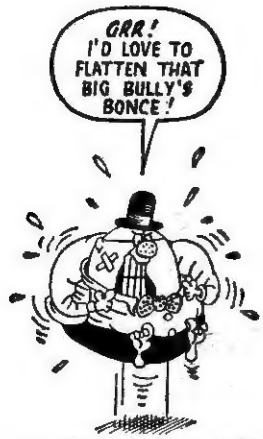


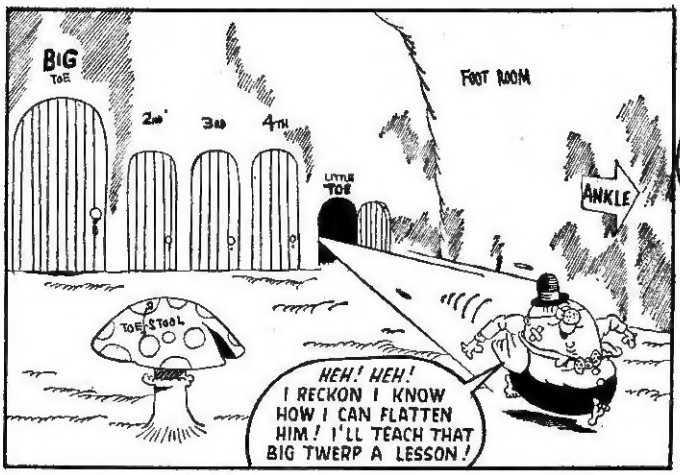
THEN, WITH A SOUND LIKE A SHRILL CRY, ANOTHER ENGINE SCREAMS INTO LIFE...
GET OUT OF THE WAY! THE COACH— IT'S STEERING ITSELF!
NOW ANOTHER MACHINE HAS FIXED ME AS ITS TARGET!
AS RUBBERMAN DARTS TO ONE SIDE...
IT'S ALTERED DIRECTION! JUST LIKE THAT CRUSHER CRANE...IT CAN SEE ME!
I'M CAUGHT BETWEEN THE TWO OF THEM!
...AND I CAN'T HOPE TO KEEP ON DODGING THEM BOTH!
RUBBERMAN CONTRACTS HIS BODY STILL MORE. THEN...
ONLY WAY OUT OF TROUBLE IS OVER THE TOP!
...AND I'VE MADE IT CHANGE DIRECTION YET AGAIN!
I'VE JUDGED IT JUST RIGHT! THE TWO MACHINES... IF THAT'S WHAT THEY REALLY ARE... HAVE HIT EACH OTHER!
AND YET...UNLESS I'M REALLY ASLEEP AND THIS IS SOME HIDEOUS DREAM...HOW CAN THEY BE MACHINES?
ELSEWHERE HE SEES OTHER PANIC-STRICKEN CITIZENS NARROWLY ESCAPING HURTLING DEATH...
HOW CAN IT BE HAPPENING? HAS THE WORLD GONE MAD? ARE WE ALL INSANE?
LOOK OUT! LOOK! AAAHH!
FIFTY MILES AWAY, A GIANT CONTROL ROOM HUMS WITH COMPUTER AND ELECTRONIC LIFE...
THE FOOLS! THEY MUST BE QUESTIONING THEIR OWN SANITY— EVEN AS THEY DIE!
AND YET, CONTROLLER, DID THEY KNOW..? THIS IS THE BEGINNING OF TRUE SANITY! THE BEGINNING OF A NEW WORLD!
THE MACHINES ARE TAKING OVER! THE MACHINES...THE NEW MASTER RACE...GUIDED AND DIRECTED BY OTHER ROBOT MACHINES! AT LAST THE GREAT DAY IS HERE!
YES, MAN HAS PROVED HIMSELF UNWORTHY TO RULE. NO MORE WILL HE GOVERN THE WORLD. NOW THE MACHINES WILL RULE! FIRST WEST CITY, THEN ALL AMERICA...THEN THE WORLD! AND YOU AND I, PROFESSOR XAXUS, SHALL BE THE MASTER RULERS!
COULD IT BE THAT RUBBERMAN HAS ALREADY BECOME INVOLVED IN SOMETHING TOO BIG FOR EVEN HIM TO HANDLE?! FIND OUT FOR YOURSELF, NEXT WEEK!

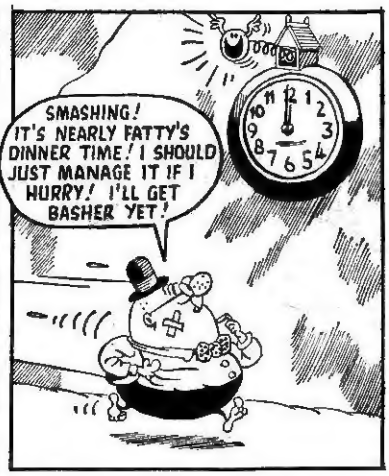
THE NERVS

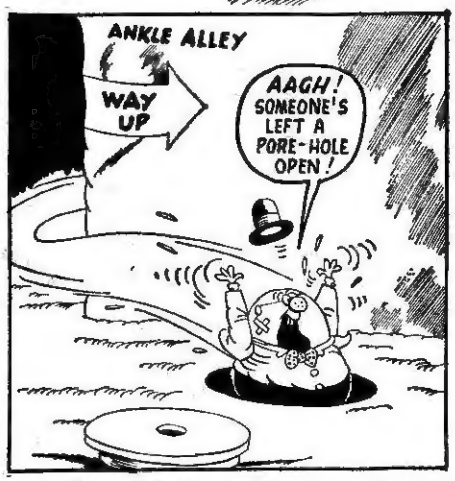

MEET FATTY'S TOE NERVS – A SAD LOOKING LOT, AREN'T THEY?


AND HERE'S THE REASON WHY – THAT BULLY, BIG TOE NERV!
HEH! HEH! HAVE ANOTHER BUMP ON ME – I'VE GOT PLENTY TO SPARE!
BLAT!
AAGH! STOP IT, BASHER!

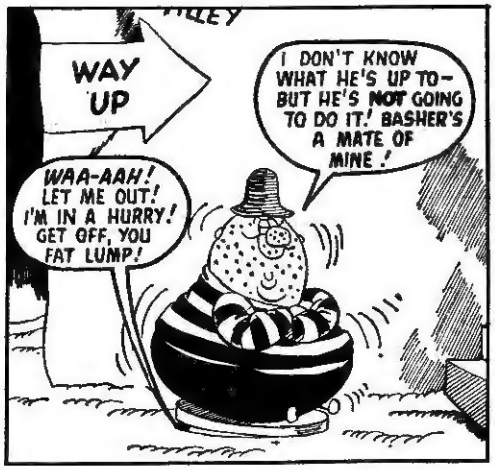

GRR! I'D LOVE TO FLATTEN THAT BIG BULLY'S BONCE!


BIG TOE
2ND
3RD
4TH
LITTLE TOE
FOOT ROOM
ANKLE
TOE-STOOL
HEH! HEH! I RECKON I KNOW HOW I CAN FLATTEN HIM! I'LL TEACH THAT BIG TWERP A LESSON!


SMASHING! IT'S NEARLY FATTY'S DINNER TIME! I SHOULD JUST MANAGE IT IF I HURRY! I'LL GET BASHER YET!

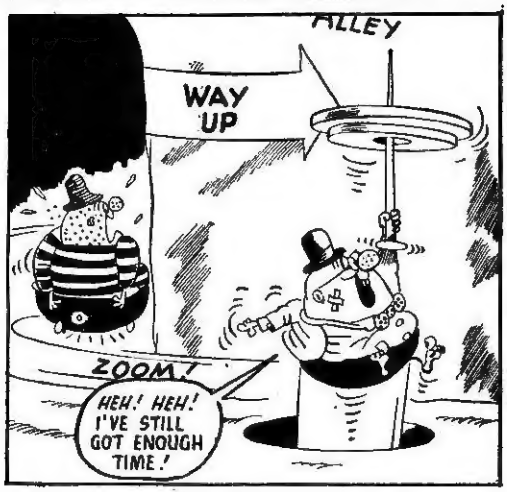

ANKLE ALLEY
WAY UP
AAGH! SOMEONE'S LEFT A PORE-HOLE OPEN!

WAY UP
HEH! HEH! WATCH THIS!
CLANG!


WAY UP
I DON'T KNOW WHAT HE'S UP TO – BUT HE'S NOT GOING TO DO IT! BASHER'S A MATE OF MINE!
WAA-AAH! LET ME OUT! I'M IN A HURRY! GET OFF, YOU FAT LUMP!

BUT IN THE PORE-HOLE...
LUCKY FOR ME I'VE GOT A TOE NAIL IN MY POCKET!

AIEE! I'VE BEEN NAILED! I'M PUNCTURED!
JAB!

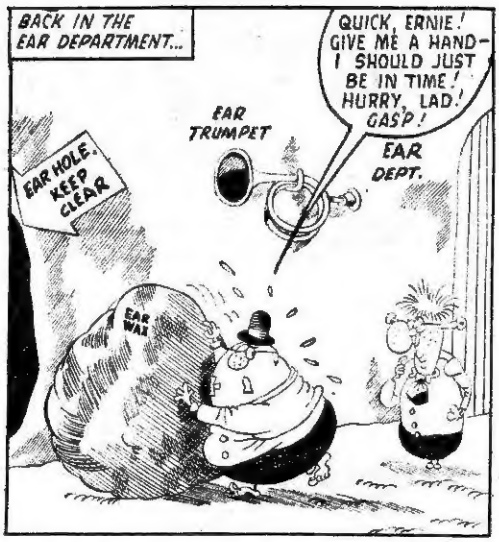

ALLEY
WAY UP
ZOOM!
HEH! HEH! I'VE STILL GOT ENOUGH TIME!

MEANWHILE...
THERE, NOW – THAT SHOULD FILL UP THE HOLE!

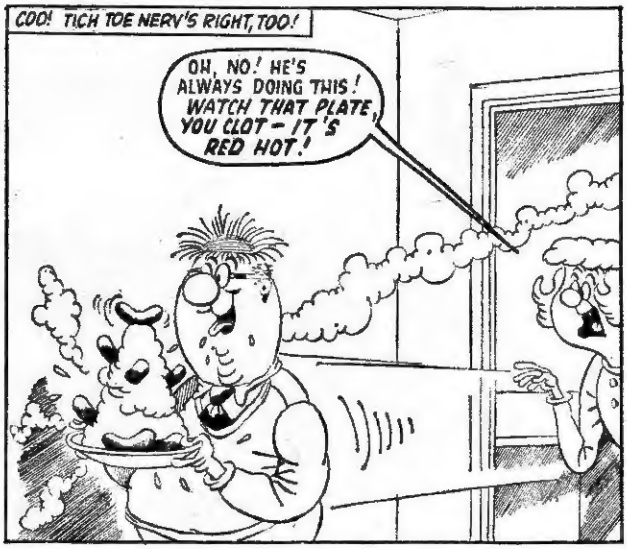
AND BACK TO TICH TOE NERV...
HEAD LEVEL
EARS, EYES, NOSE, BRAIN, TEETH DEPTS.
GOSH! I'VE GOT TO HURRY! FATTY SHOULD BE GOING FOR HIS GRUB ABOUT NOW!

TICH IS RIGHT—JUST WATCH WHERE FATTY'S HEADING...
FOOD! FOOD! WHERE'S MY DIN? SLURP!

COR! NOW THERE'S A TASTY LITTLE SNACK!


BACK IN THE EAR DEPARTMENT...
QUICK, ERNIE! GIVE ME A HAND— I SHOULD JUST BE IN TIME! HURRY, LAD! GASP!
EAR TRUMPET
EAR HOLE. KEEP CLEAR
EAR WAX
EAR DEPT.

PHEW! JUST MADE IT! THAT'S HIS EARHOLES BLOCKED UP!
EAR TRUMPET
EAR HOLE. KEEP CLEAR
HE WON'T HEAR A THING NOW!


COD! TICH TOE NERV'S RIGHT, TOO!
OH, NO! HE'S ALWAYS DOING THIS! WATCH THAT PLATE, YOU CLOT—IT'S RED HOT!

HE DIDN'T EVEN HEAR ME—HIS EARS MUST BE FULL OF SAUSAGE MEAT!

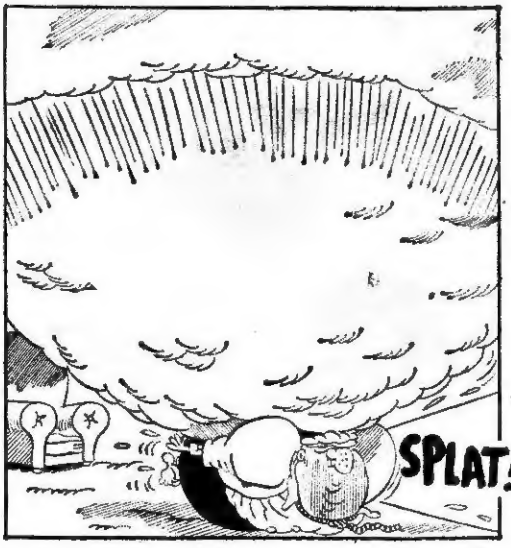
IN FATTY'S EAR DEPARTMENT...
ANY MINUTE NOW! SNIGGER!

AIEE! MY FINGERS! AAGH!

WHEEEE!

AAGH! MY BIG TOE!
CRUNCH!

IN THE BIG TOE DEPARTMENT...
AAGH! THE CEILING'S CAVING IN! WHAT'S HAPPENED?
BIG TOE

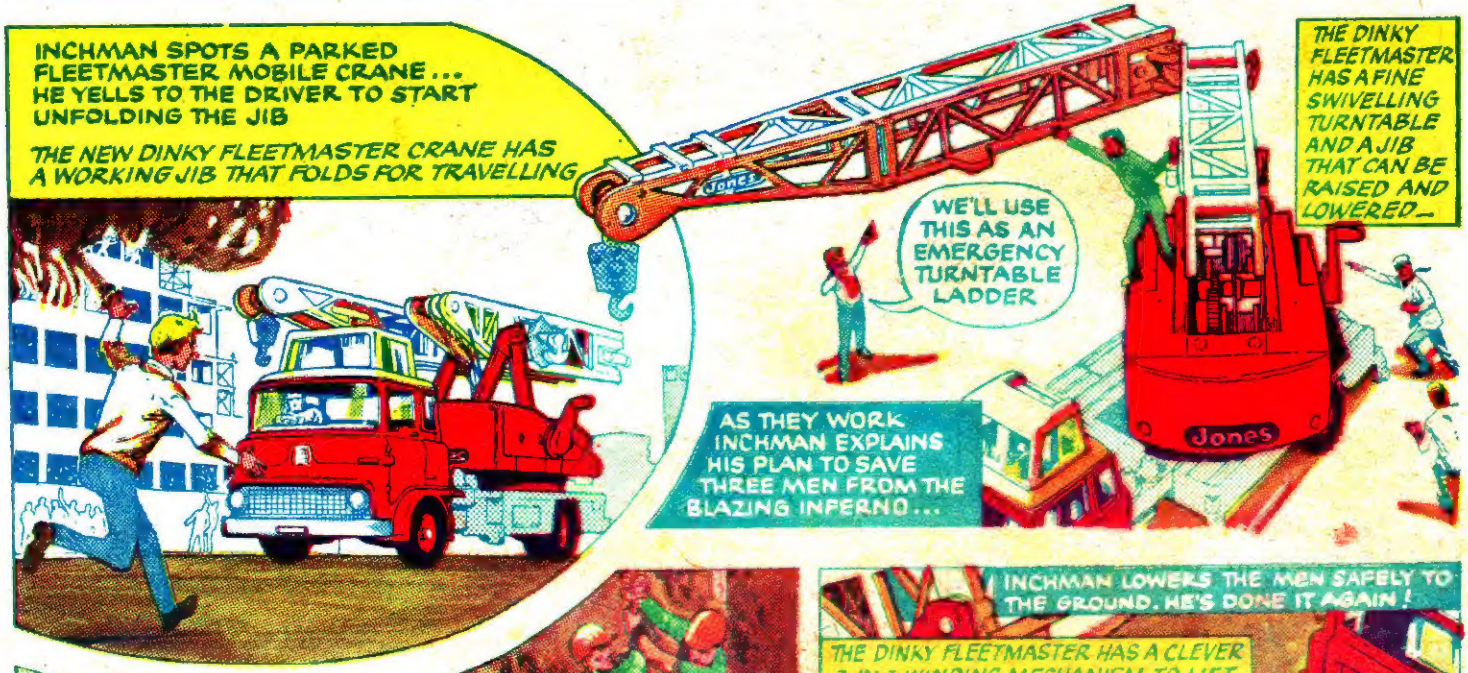

SPLAT!

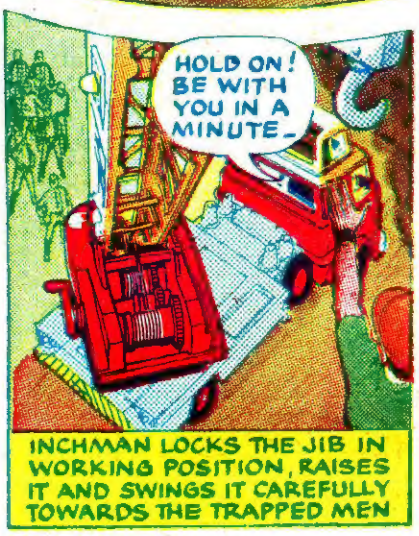
HEH! HEH! REVENGE! REVENGE! BLOCKING FATTY'S EAR STOPPED HIM FROM HEARING MUM'S WARNING! I KNEW HE'D DROP THE PLATE ON HIS BIG TOE!
HEH! HEH! AND IT'S BASHED BASHER ONCE AND FOR ALL!

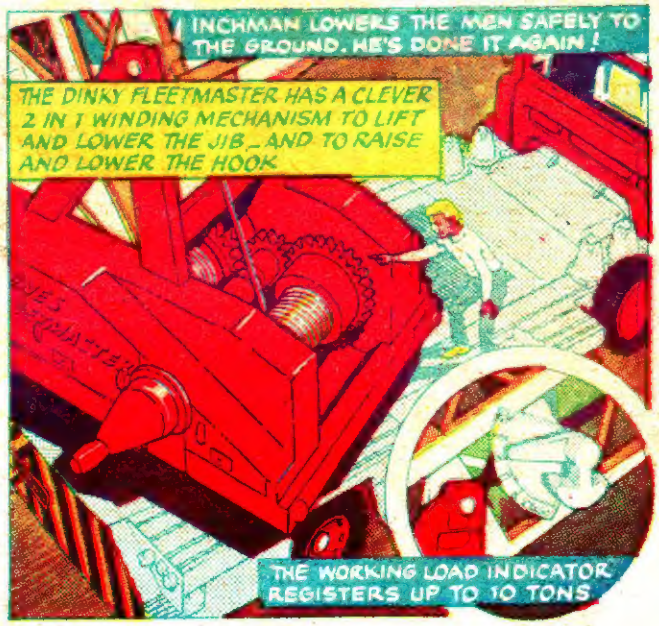
INCHMAN

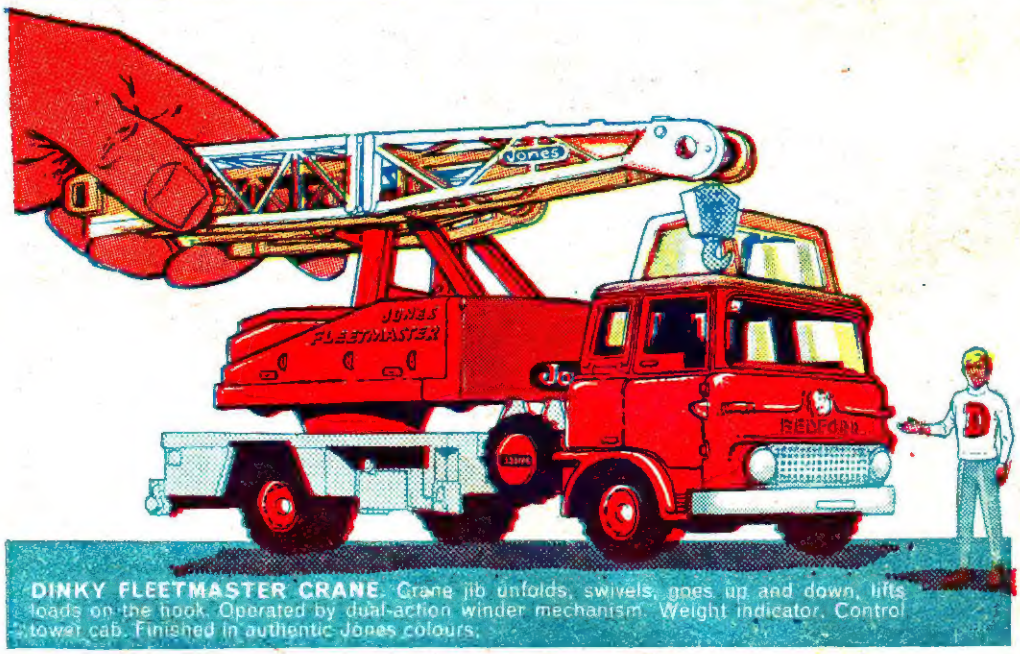
TO THE RESCUE WITH THE FLEETMASTER CRANE!

Passing a building site, Inchman hears cries of FIRE! A welding cylinder has exploded! He snaps into action.









DINKY FLEETMASTER CRANE. Crane jib unfolds, swivels, goes up and down, lifts loads on the hook. Operated by dual-action winder mechanism. Weight indicator. Control tower cab. Finished in authentic Jones colours.

GET A DINKY JONES FLEETMASTER CANTILEVER CRANE & USE ITS ACTION FEATURES FOR LOTS OF EXCITING ADVENTURES!

ASK FOR MODEL Nº 970. 2/-

THERE'S ALWAYS SOMETHING NEW FROM

DINKY TOYS.

Precision die-cast scale models made by Meccano Ltd. and sold by Hamleys, Harrods, Gamages, Selfridges, and all good toy shops.